YOUNGBLOOD
ISSUE 2: BAD BLOOD.

PAGE 1.
PANEL 1.
A SIX PANEL PAGE TO OPEN WITH, PROBABLY IN A REGULAR GRID OF THREE TIERS OF TWO PANELS EACH. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE ARE SOMEWHERE IN A FAIRLY SEEDY AND RUN-DOWN OFFICE BUILDING IN A SEAMY PART OF TOWN. WE ARE IN A HALLWAY OUTSIDE A SPECIFIC OFFICE, LOOKING AT DOOR WHICH IS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF US, HALF MADE OF FROSTED GLASS. ON THE FROSTED GLASS IS LETTERED THE FOLLOWING LEGEND: **HOODS** - ***Accomplice Agents*** **- Est. 1961.** WE CAN PERHAPS MAKE OUT, THROUGH THE FROSTED GLASS, THE VAGUE SHAPE OF TWO MEN SITTING FACING EACJ OTHER ACROSS A DESK, BUT WE CAN'T SEE WHO THEY ARE. THEIR BALLOONS ISSUE THROUGH THE DOOR.

CAPTION : ***Prologue***
1ST. MAN (THROUGH DOOR) : ...so, like I say, the selection is LIMITED at the moment.
1ST. MAN (THROUGH DOOR) : It's how the business IS, I'm afraid. So many of the star PERFORMERS end up DEAD or in PRISON.

PANEL 2.
NOW WE ARE INSIDE THE OFFICE. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND WE CAN JUST SEE THE GLOVED HANDS OF A MAN SITTING JUST OFF PANEL LEFT, ON OUR SIDE OF THE DESK. THIS MAN IS ACTUALLY ***SENTINEL*** FROM THE PREVIOUS VERSION OF YOUNGBLOOD, BUT WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THAT ON THIS PAGE. ALL WE SEE ARE HIS GLOVED HANDS AS HE SITS JUST OFF PANEL ON OUR SIDE OF THE DESK. HE IS LOOKING THROUGH A NUMBER OF CARDS WHICH ALL SEEM TO HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS AND BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS PERTAINING TO A NUMBER OF SUPER VILLAINS ON THEM. THE ONE THAT THE OFF PANEL SENTINEL IS HOLDING UPPERMOST HERE SHOWS A DINNER-JACKET-WEARING SAURIAN CALLED ***THE LOUNGE LIZARD***, WHO I THINK MADE A BRIEF CAMEO APPEARANCE IN THE MAIN SUPREME STORY IN SUPREME # 47. THE HAND FROM OFF HOLDS UP THIS CARD IN THE FOREGROUND, AS IF STUDYING IT. LOOKING ACROSS THE DESK WE SEE THE SEAMY-LOOKING BUSINESSMAN WHO RUNS HOOD'S ACCOMPLICE AGENCY, THIS BEING ***MR. ARCHIE HOOD.*** I DON'T KNOW IF WE'LL EVER SEE HIM AGAIN, BUT I SEE HIM AS A RUN DOWN AND FAINTLY ANXIOUS LOOKING LITTLE GUY IN HIS LATE FIFTIES. PROBABLY HAS AN ULCER PAYING ALIMONEY ON TWO EX WIVES. HE SMILES PLEASANTLY AT THE OFF PANEL SENTINEL FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK, PROBABLY BEING SITUATED IN OUR NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND HERE. THE PAIR ARE LIT FROM THE SIDE BY AN OFFICE WINDOW.

PAGE 1.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SENTINEL (OFF) : Hmm. I'm not long out of jail MYSELF. Say, how about THIS one, the LOUNGE LIZARD? Did you say HE was available?

MR. HOOD : Just escaped from MISKATONIC ASYLUM last WEEK. A very popular choice.

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE, SO THAT WE ARE NOW LOOKING AT THE DESK SIDE ON, WITH THE WINDOW INTHE BACKGROUND. THE LIGHT FROM THE WINDOW THROWS THE TWO MEN INTO SILLHOUETTE, RENDERING SENTINEL UNRECOGNIZABLE AS HE SITS ON OUR LEFT HERE, FACING RIGHT, TOWARDS MR. HOOD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK. BOTH MEN ARE LOOKING THROUGH THE VARIOUS CARDS SCATTERED ON THE DESK BEFORE THEM BY NOW.

SENTINEL (LEFT) : I'll take him. What about THIS one, the BABE? Is SHE in jail?

HOOD (RIGHT) : No, sir, she's currently in Hell. Still, if you were INTERESTED, certain STRINGS could be pulled.

HOOD (RIGHT) : What about sampling the NEWER talent?

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE BEHIND SENTINEL'S HIGH BACKED CHAIR. WE CAN SEE ON OF HIS ARMS STICKING OUT (HE'S PROBABLY WEARING A TRENCHCOAT OVER HIS SUPERHERO COSTUME) AND HOLDING UP ANOTHER OF THE CARDS, BUT WE CAN'T SEE MUCH MORE OF HIM THAT THAT. ACROSS THE DESK, WE SEE THAT MISTER HOOD HAS RISEN FROM HIS SEAT AND HAS WALKED OVER TO AN OLD AND DUSTY-LOOKING FLINF CABINET IN THEBACKGROUND OF THE CLUTTERED OFFICE, WHICH HE IS OPENING AND LOOKING THROUGH, WEARING A DOUBTFUL EXPRESSION.

SENTINEL : Yeah, well, I like the look of THESE two, the brother and SISTER act. Do you have any MONSTERS? I mean, real BIG ones?

HOOD : Out of fashion since the 'FIFTIES, I'm afraid. I'll just CHECK...

PANEL 5.

CLOSE IN ON MR. HOOD AS HE SORTS THROUGH THE FILES. HE HAS PULLED OUT A DUSTY OLD FOLDER WHICH HAS AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH (PROBABLY IN BLACK AND WHITE ONLY) CLIPPED TO THE FRONT. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS OF A GIANT MONSTER OF THE OLD ATLAS COMICS JACK KIRBY VARIETY, A HUGE CRAGGY THING BIGGER THAN A BUILDING WITH A GAPING MOUTH AND ROUND, WHITE, BLANK EYES. ITS NAME, SOMEWHERE ON THE FRONT OF THE FILE, IS ***ATOMO.*** MR. HOOD LOOKS AT THE FILE IN SURPRISE AS HE BLOWS THE DUST FROM IT. HE SPEAKS TO SENTINEL, WHO IS OFF PANEL HERE AND THUS STILL UNSEEN.

MR. HOOD : Hm. Well, THIS one seems to be a current file: ATOMO. Last appearance 1961, but apparently he's IMMORTAL.

MR. HOOD : I must say, sir, it's an impressive TEAM you're assembling. What will

you CALL them?

PAGE 1.
PANEL 6.

NOW AN OVERHEAD SHOT, LOOKING DOWN AT THE DESK FROM ABOVE. ALL WE CAN SEE OF SENTINEL ARE HIS HANDS RESTING ON THE DESK DIRECTLY BENEATH US, THE REST OF HIS OFF PANEL BELOW THE BOTTOM FRAME BORDER. HE HAS THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND CARDS OF FOUR APPLICANTS THAT HE LIKES SPREAD OUT IN FRONT OF HIM. ONE IS THE LOUNGE LIZARD, TWO ARE PREVIOUSLY UNSEEM CHARACTERS, A BROTHER AND SISTER VILLAIN/VILLAINESS TEAM CALLED ***POPPY*** AND ***SPEEDWELL,*** WHO I'LL BE DESCRIBING MORE FULLY LATER. BASICALLY, SPEEDWELL IS A YOUNGISH MALE SUPER SPEEDSTER WHO WEARS A BLUE COSTUME, WHILE POPPY IS A YOUNGISH FEMALE ILLUSIONIST WHO WEARS A RED AND BLACK COSTUME. THERE IS ALSO A PICTURE OF SUPREMA'S DEVILISH BETTY PAGE LOOKALIKE ADVERSARY ***SATANA***, ALTHOUGH MAYBE THIS IS MOSTLY OBSCURED BY THE OTHER PHOTOGRAPHS SO IT'LL STILL BE A SUPRISE WHEN SATANA MAKES HER APPEARANCE ON PAGE FOUR. FROM THE TOP OF THE PANEL, MR. HOOD'S HAND COMES INTO VIEW AS HE PUTS DOWN THE FILE AND PHOTOGRAPH OF ***ATOMO*** ON THE DESK TO GO WITH THE OTHERS. THE FIVE PICTURES ARE ARRANGED HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY, IMMEDIATELY BELOW US. SENTINEL'S BALLOON ISSUES FROM OFF PANEL BELOW, WHERE HIS HANDS ARE COMING FROM.
SENTINEL (OFF, BELOW) : Youngblood.

PAGE 2.
PANEL 1.
A FULL PAGE PANEL NOW TO KICK OFF THE STORY PROPER, AND ITS A BIG ACTION PICTURE FEATURING ***SUPREMA*** AND ***TWILIGHT*** IN ACTION TOGETHER AGAINST THE REPRESENTATIVES OF A COUPLE OF GROTESQUE, POST-MUTATION BIG CITY STREET GANGS. THERE IS A BIG PILE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUS HOOLIGANS, WITH TWILIGHT STANDING ON TOP OF IT AND JUIST CAUGHT HERE IN THE ACT OF DEFTLY AND PAINFULLY PUNCHING OUT SOME THUS WHO IS SWINGING A CHAIN IN HER DIRECTION. SUPREMA, MORE TO OUR RIGHT, HOVERS A LITTLE ABOVE THE CONFLICT, MAYBE HOLDING A STRUGGLING THUG UP ABOVE HER HEAD AS IF ABOUT TO THROW HIM. WITH HER HEAT VISION, SHE IS MELTING THE FLICK-KNIFE OF ANOTHER GANG MEMBER WHO WAS TRYING TO SNEAK UP ON TWILIGHT. HELL, JUST HAVE FUN AND DO WHAT YOU LIKE, SO LONG AS ITS A BIG SPECTACULAT FIGHT STARRING TWILIGHT AND SUPREMA. TWILIGHT LOOKS BUSINESSLIKE AND PROFESSIONAL, WHILE SUPREMA JUST LOOKS MIFFED. THE TWO HEROINES INDIVIDUAL LOGOS..WHICH WE CAN JUST BORROW FROM THE LOGOS ALREADY DESIGNED IN THE PAGES OF SUPREME..GO UP TOWARDS THE TOP OF THE IMAGE SOMEHWERE, WHEREAS THE EPISODE TITLE GOES DOWN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAGE.

PAGE 2.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

LOGO : ***SUPREMA, Sister of SUPREME***

and

LOGO : ***TWILIGHT, The Girl Marvel***

TWILIGHT : This must be about the LAST of them!

SUPREMA : HMMPH! And about time TOO! Honestly, haven't these gangs of young people got anything better to do than FIGHT the whole time?

SUPREMA : Why are they so darn TICKED OFF with each other?

TITLE : **BAD BLOOD.**

PAGE 3.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE HAVE TWILIGHT AND SUPREMA STANDING OVER IN THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND AMONGST A BIG HEAP OF NOW TOTALLY UNCONSCIOUS GANG MEMBERS. FROM THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, A NUMBER OF GRATEFUL-LOOKING UNIFORMED POLICEMEN ARE STARTING TO MOVE INTO THE PICTURE. THIS IS ALL HAPPENING IN OMEGAPOLIS BY NIGHT, INCIDENTALLY, WHICH IS SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED LAST PAGE. SORRY. THE COP ENTWERING IN THE FOREGROUND CALLS OUT GRATEFULLY TO SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT AS THEY STAND AMONGST THE INSENSIBLE HOODS IN THE BACKGROUND. TWILIGHT IS LOOKING AT SUPREMA SYMPATHETICALLY, WHILE SUPREMA JUST LOOKS SNIFFY AND GRUMPY.

TWILIGHT : Cities like OMEGAPOLIS have CHANGED since the 'SIXTIES, Suprema. People are DIFFERENT.

SUPREMA : Well, they're certainly less attentive to personal HYGIENE!

COP IN F/G : Hey, THANKS, ladies. You were TERRIFIC. WE can take over from here...

PANEL 2.

NOW, IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, THE VARIOUS COPS ARE STANDING AROUND THE PILE OF UNCONSCIOUS GANG MEMBERS. TWILIGHT AND SUPREMA ARE LEAVING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND WALKING TOWARDS US, OR RATHER TWILIGHT IS WALKING WHILE SUPREMA HOVER ALONG JUST ABOVE THE GROUND BESIDE HER. THE COPS, OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, SMILE AND RAISE A HAND IN FAREWELL TO THE TWO DEPARTING HEROINES. TWILIGHT SMILES AND RETURNS THE WAVE, GLANCING BACK OVER HER SHOULDER TOWASRDS THE COPS EVEN AS SHE IS SPEAKING TO SUPREMA. SUPREMA, FLYING ALONG BESIDE TWILIGHT, LOOKS SORT OF VAGUELY TROUBLED. THE TWO OF THEM, LEAVING THE SCENE, ARE HEADING INTO A WARREN OF ALLEYS THAT LACE THROUGH THE CITY STREETS OF OMEGAPOLIS, ALTHOUGH WE'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO SEE THIS BETTER NEXT PANEL.

PAGE 3.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

COP IN B/G : You're with the new YOUNGBLOOD, right? I like the way you work the STREETS more than the OLD team.

TWILIGHT : There, you see? There are some okay people who appreciate what we're doing.

SUPREMA : Maybe they appreciate YOU, but then YOU didn't wreck STAR CITY last month!

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE ABOVE THE TWO WOMEN..EVEN THE HOVERING SUPREMA...AS THEY HEAD DOWN ONE OF THE BROAD, DARK ALLEYS OF OMEGAPOLIS, DIRECTLY BENEATH US, WITH TWILIGHT STILL WALKING OR TROTTING AHEAD WHILE SUPREMA GLIDES SLOWLY ALONG JUST BEHIND HER, HER RED CAPE FLOWING IN HER WAKE. WE ARE LOOKING DOWN ON THEM AS THEY PASS BENEATH US, WHICH GIVES US A SENSE OF THEM BEINF SPIED UPON; OF THEM BEING VULNERABLE.

TWILIGHT : Sally, no-one blames you for THAT! Everybody knows you were POSSESSED by the OCCUPANT...

SUPREMA : ...which Major BARON'S department deny all KNOWLEDGE of! Oh, Linda, I don't know...

SUPREMA : I don't know if I'm cut OUT for the modern SUPERHERO world, a modern TEAM like YOUNGBLOOD...

PANEL 4.

NOW WE ARE DOWN ON THE EYE LEVEL OF TWILIGHT AND SUPREMA AS THEY HEAD ALONG THE DARK, BROAD ALLEYWAY. THEY BOTH SUDDENLY LOOK STARTLED AS A VOICE ISSUES DOWN FROM OFF PANEL UP ABOVE THEM, DOWN INTO THE ALLEY DAKNESS OF THE SPACE WHERE THEY ARE. THEY BOTH FREEZE IN SURPRISE AND ALARM.

VOICE (OFF, ABOVE) : Oh, I shouldn't WORRY about it, Suprema! FIRSTLY, with
two superannuated hags like YOU in the ranks, you're
NOT
a modern team...

TWILIGHT : Huh?

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANE PAGE NOW, WITH THIS TOP PANEL BY FAR THE BIGGEST, TAKING UP THE TOP TWO THIRDS TO THREE QUARTERS OF THE PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, DOWN IN THE LOWER FOREGROUND WE HAVE SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT, MAYBE HALF TO THREE QUARTER FIGURE, AS THEY GAZE UP AND AWAY FROM US IN ASTONISHMENT TOWARDS A LOW ROOFTOP LOOMING ABOVE THE ALLEYWAY AND THE PAIR OF

THEM IN THE IMMEDIATE UPPER BACKGROUND. TWILIGHT IS TOWARDS OUR LEFT HERE AS SHE GAPES UP AND AWAY FROM US, WHILE SUPREMA IS MORE TOWARDS OUR RIGHT, LOOKING ROUND

PAGE 4.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

WITH A BEWILDERED EXPRESSION TOWARDS TWILIGHT AS SHE REPLIES TO HER. TWILIGHT IS GAZING UP AT THE ROOFTOP IN THE UPPER BACKGROUND, WHERE *SATANA* IS STANDING, HER DEVILISH PITCHFORK IN ONE HAND AND SURROUNDED BY SOME SORT OF CURLING, TWISTING HALO OF HELLFIRE IN A SPECIAL EFFECT OF SOME KIND. SHE SMILES WICKEDLY AS SHE GAZES DOWN AT THE STARTLED SUPER HEROINES BENEATH HER, HER HELLISH SELF-GENERATED FIRELIGHT ILLUMINATING THE NIGHT ALL AROUND HER IN A FLICKERING INFERNO RED.

SATANA : ...and SECONDLY, you're not YOUNGBLOOD any more. WE are.
TWILIGHT : "WE"? What's she TALKING about? Suprema, isn't that...?
SUPREMA : S-SATANA. B-But I haven't even THOUGHT about her in DECADES!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLES, SO THAT SATANA IS UP IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, MAYBE VISIBLE HALF FIGURE AS SHE LOOKS DOWN TOWARDS THE TWO HERONES IN THE ALLEY BENEATH HER, DOWN IN OUR NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND BELOW. FLINGING OUT ONE LONG, GLAMOROUS, PINK-SKINNED ARM, SATANA HURLS HER DEMONIC PITCHFORK DIRECTLY AT SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT. SUPREMA STILL HAS HER HEAD TURNED AS IF ABOUT TO SPEAK TO TWILIGHT, AND DOESN'T SEE THE PITCHFORK COMING. ALARMED, TWILIGHT YELLS OUT A WARNING. THE PICTCHFORK GLOWS WITH MALEFIC ENERGY AND MAYBE TRAILS WISPS OF HELLFIRE AS IT SAILS THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS THE TWO HEROINES BELOW.

SATANA : Then perhaps you SHOULD have done! I'VE had plenty of time to think about YOU while tied to a WHEEL in a lake of BRIMSTONE!
TWILIGHT : Suprema, look OUT! She's...

PAGE 5.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH PANEL THREE THE LARGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE DOWN IN THE ALLEY AGAIN WITH SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT. OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND, THE PITCHFORK HURTLES INTO VIEW, ITS PRONGS TO EITHER SIDE OF SUPREMA'S THROAT, KNOCKING HER OVER BACKWARDS AND PINNING HER TO THE FLOOR. THE PITCHFORK STILL CRACKLES AND SPITS WITH PLUMES OF DEVILISH ENERGY. SUPREMA LOOKS WORRIED AS SHE STRUGGLES WITH THE FORK THAT'S PINNING HER TO THE ALLEY FLOOR. FROM THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, TWILIGHT STARTS TO RUN TOWARDS HER FRIEND, INTENT ON HELPING HER.

SUPREMA : > *UCCHH*<
SUPREMA : Twilight, this thing is full of infernal MAGIC! She's got me PINNED!

You better get yourself OUT of here!
TWILIGHT : Don't be STUPID! I'm not going to run off without SAVING you...

PANEL 2.
CHANGE ANGLE, NOW WE ARE LOOKING DOWN AT TWILIGHT FROM A POINT ROUGHLY HALF WAY UP THE BRICK WALL OF THE ALLEY BEHIND HER AS SHE RUNS TOWARDS SUPREMA, WHO WE SEE STILL PINIONED BY THE PITCHFORK OVER IN THE BACKGROUND. SUPREMA IS LOOKING UP AT US, AT THE HIGH POINT OFF PANEL BEHIND TWILIGHT, AND HER EYES WIDEN IN ALARM, EVEN THOUGH WE CAN'T SEE WHAT SHE'S SEEING. CLOSER TO THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE TWILIGHT AS SHE HEARS A VOICE FROM OFF PANEL INTHE FOREGROUND BEHIND HER ANS STARTS TO TURN AROUND AND LOOK UP AT US WITH A LOOK OF FEAR AND SURPRISE. A SHADOW, PERHAPS CAST BY AN ALLEYWAY LIGHT, FALLS PARTLY ACROSS HER FACE, BEING CAST BY WHATEVER IS SPEAKING FROM THE FOREGROUND. IT IS IN FACT ***THE LOUNGE LIZARD***, BUT WE CAN'T SEE ANY OF HIM HERE. I DON;T KNOW IF HE MAYBE NEEDS SPECIAL LETTERING TO CONVEY THE DRY AND SILKY REPTILLIAN PLAYBOY CADENCE OF HIS VOICE. SEE WHAT RICHARD AND THE PEOPLE AT COMICRAFT THINK AND DO ACCORDINGLY.
LOUNGE LIZARD (OFF, FOREGROUND) : OOOoooh?
LOUNGE LIZARD (OFF, FOREGROUND) : And WHOooo, my sssweet, will sssave
YOUuuu....
LOUNGE LIZARD (OFF, FOREGROUND) : ...Exsssactly?

PANEL 3.
CHANGE ANGLE SO THAT WE CAN SEE A LITTLE OF THE HELPLESS AND PINIONED SUPREMA DOWN IN THE LOWER FOREGROUND, LOOKING HELPLESSLY UP TOWARDS THE NEAR BACKGROUND, UNABLE TO INTERVENE AND SAVE TWILIGHT. THE LOUNGE LIZARD, DRESSED IN FORMAL EVENING WEAR BUT WITH NO GLOVES OR SHOES, IS ACTUALLY GLINGING TO THE WALL ABOUT HALF WAY UP, AS LIZARDS TEND TO DO. IT REACHES DOWN AND HAS GRABBED THE STRUGGLING TWILIGHT BY THE HAIR, WHICH IT IS STARTING TO PICK HER STRUGGLING FORM UP INTO THE AIR BY AS IT CLINGS IN ITS IMPOSSIBLE GRAVITY-DEFYING POSITION HALFWAY UP THE WALL BY ITS BARE FEET. TWILIGHT YELLS OUT IN STARTLED PAIN.
TWILIGHT : AAAAA!
SUPREMA : Twilight, NOOOO!
SUPREMA : It's the LOUNGE LIZARD! It's...

PAGE 6.
PANEL 1.
NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, IN THE FOREGROUND, WE CHANGE OUR EYE LEVEL SO THAT SUPREMA IS NOW JUST OFF PANEL BELOW IN THE FOREGROUND. SATANA, WHO HAS DESCENDED FROM THE ROOFTOPS, SNEERS SADISTICALLY AS SHE PLACED ONE

HIGH HEELED BOOT UPON THE PITCHFORK AROUND SUPREMA'S THROAT, BELOW HER, AND TRIVES IT DOWN WITH THE FULL FORCE OF HER FOOT. ALTHOUGH SUPREMA'S CHOKING FACE IS PROBABLY OFF PANEL BELOW, ONE OR BOTH OF HER ARMS FLAIL UP AND INTO VIEW, ALTHOUGH SHE IS CLEARLY HELPLESS. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND,

PAGE 6.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

CLINGING HALF WAY UP THE WALL, THE LOUNGE LIZARD HOLDS TWILIGHT'S DAZED BODY UP IN ONE HAND AS HE SWATS HE BACK AND FORTH WITH THE OTHER. HE SMILES, PLEASED WITH HIMSELF.

SUPREMA (OFF, BELOW) : > *GUCCH*<

SATANA : Oh, shup UP, you irritating little virgin. I'll have to crush your WINDPIPE.

SATANA : How are you faring with the OTHER one, my suave saurian SIDEKICK?

LOUNGE LIZARD : OOOoooh, it'sss going AWFULLY well....

TWILIGHT : Unngh...

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW, IN THE FOREGROUND, WE ARE QUITE CLOSE IN ON THE LOUNGE LIZARD AND TWILIGHT. FROM THE LEFT, THE LOUNGE LIAZRD SHOOTS OUT HIS JACKETED ARM AND SLAMS TWILIGHT'S HEAD, OVER ON THE RIGHT, UP AGAINST THE WALL OF THE ALLEY. LOOKING BEYOND THEM TOWARDS THE CENTRE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE SUPREMA APPARENTLY UNCNSCIOUS AS SATANA STANDS ABOVE HER, HER FOOT STILL ON THE PITCHFORK AROUND SUPREMA'S NECK.

SATANA : Splendid. When you've FINISHED with her, we can take them both to their appointed place of EXECUTION.

SATANA : Hmm. Suprema appears to have blacked OUT. Perhaps now I can take my FOOT off her throat.

TWILIGHT : Ghuhh...

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE DOWN AT ALLEY FLOOR LEVEL AGAIN. SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT ARE BOTH UNCONSCIOUS ON THE ALLEY FLOOR, WITH TWILIGHT FACE DOWN AND SUPREMA FACE UP, STILL PINNED DOWN BY THE HELLISH PITCHFORK. SATANA AND THE LOUNGE LIZARD STAND ABOVE THEM IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, LOOKING DOWN AND GLOATING. THE ALLEY IS STILL LIT MALEFICALLY BY SATANA'S HELLISH FIRELIGHT EFFECT.

SATANA : There. Both taken CARE of, the poor creatures. I suppose their INTENTIONS were good, in preventing a GANG WAR...

SATANA : ...but then we all know what the road to HELL is paved with, don't we?

LIZARD : Hrrrr. They really ssshouldn't have BOTHERED with someone ELSSSE'SSS Gangwar...

PANEL 4.

TAKING THE TWO UNCONSCIOUS HEROINES WITH THEM, SATANA AND THE LOUNGE LIZARD QUIT THE SCENE. MAYBE SATANA USES HER TRIDENT LIKE A JET SOURCE AND LETS IT CARRY HER UP INTO THE NIGHT, HOLDING SUPREMA IN ONE HAND. THE LOUNGE LIZARD

PAGE 6.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

FOLLOWS BY RUNNING UP THE SIDE OF A MOONLIT BUILDING WITH TWILIGHT SLUNG OVER HIS SHOULDER LIKE A SACK, FOLLOWING WHERE SATANA LEADS.

LOUNGE LIZARD : Not when they had one of their OOOooown!

PAGE 7.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL A BIG PICTURE DOMINATING THREE QUARTERS OF THE PAGE, WITH WHICH WE INTRODUCE THE NEXT BRIEF ARC OF THE STORY, AND THE NEXT TWO MEMBERS OF OUR TEAM. THESE ARE DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC, AND MAYBE RICHARD COULD COME UP WITH TWO SUITABLY SMART LOGOS, ONE FOR EACH CHARACTER. DOC ROCKETS SHOULD LOOK SPEEDY, MAYBE WITH AFTER IMAGES OF ITSELF TRAILING FAINTLY BEHIND IT, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, WHILE THE JOHNNY PANIC LOGO COULD MAYBE LOOK A BIT LIKE THE OLD, OBSCURE D.C. COMICS *JOHNNY DOUBLE* LOGO, ALTHOUGH WHERAS I REMEMBER THAT ONE BEING A SORT OF SEE THROUGH LOGO WITH A TARGET VISIBLE THROUGH IT, MAYBE JOHNNY PANIC'S LOGO COULD BE SEE THROUGH WITH SOME SORT OF PULSING PSYCHEDELIC RING EFFECT VISIBLE THROUGH IT. SEE WHAT YOU THINK. ANYWAY, IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE ARE SMEWHERE INSIDE YOUNGBLOOD MANSION, WHICH WE CAN TELL BY THE ANTIQUE FURNITURE, THE POLISHED FLOORS AND THE OCCASIONAL MARBLE BUST OR STATUE IN THE BACKGROUND. RACHEL RICHARDS, IN HER ***DOC ROCKET*** OUTFIT, IS SPEEDING THROUGH THE ROOM WITH A SMILE ON HER FACE. ALL AROUND HER THERE STAND MULTIPLE IMAGES OF ***JOHNNY PANIC***, OBVIOUSLY HOLOGRAMS PROJECTED THERE TO FOOL HER AS SHE RACES THROUGH THE MANSION. THE TWO LOGOS GO UP AT THE TOP OF THE PANEL SOMEWHERE.

LOGO : ***DOC ROCKET***

and

LOGO : ***JOHNNY PANIC***

DOC ROCKET : Well, Johnny, I have to admit, this is a pretty clever EFFECT. Too bad its completely USELESS against someone moving at HYPERSPEED.

DOC ROCKET : I mean, it doesn;t matter HOW many false images you DISTRACT me with.

DOC ROCKET : I've got time to check them ALL out and STILL have change from a MICRO-SECOND!

PANEL 2.
NOW WE ARE CLOSERIN ON DOC AS SHE SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD AWAY FROM US AND GRABS HOLD OF A SOLID MARBLE STATUE..MAYBE THE VENUS DE MILO OR SOMETHING...THAT STANDS

PAGE 7.
PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)
IN THE IMMEDIATE RIGHT BACKGROUND. AS DOC, GRINNING, GRABS THE STATUE, THE STATUE YELPS IN COMICAL PAIN AND ALARM, THE VENUS DE MILO'S NORMALLY SERENE FEATURES LOOKING OUTRAGED.
DOC ROCKET : Oh, and HOLOGRAMS don't look REAL at these speeds. You can see the FLICKER like a slow HANDCLAP.
VENUS DE MILO : AAA! Get your hands OFF me! You're BURNING me!

PAGE 8.
PANEL 1.
A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SEE BOTH DOC AND JOHNNY FULL FIGURE, WITH DOC COMING TO A HALT OVER TO THE LEFT, STEPPINH BACK FROM JOHNNY AND LOOKING APOLOGETIC. JOHNNY STANDS MORE TO OUR RIGHT, WITH THE LAST FOGGY TRACES OF HIS VENUS DE MILO HOLOGRAM DISSIPATING FROM AROUND HIM. HE SCOWLS AT DOC AND RUBS HIS SORE ARM WHERE SHE BURNED HIM WITH HER TOUCH. ALL AROUND THEM, WE SEE THE PLUSH INTERIOR OF THE MANSION'S GROUND FLOOR. THERE IS A LARGE FRENCH WINDOW SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND LOOKING OUT ONTO THE MANOR'S SPACIOUS GREEN GROUNDS, WITH TREES IN THE DISTANCE. STANDING SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND THERE IS ALSO A WOODEN TABLE UPON WHICH STANDS A BOWL HALF FULL OF PEANUTS OR SOME OTHER BAR SNACK.
DOC : Oh. Sorry. Friction heat. I forgot.
JOHNNY : Huh! You call yourself a DOCTOR? You oughtta be struck off the REGISTER, man!
JOHNNY : Anyway, I'm sick of playing tag with you. Where's everybody ELSE go?

PANEL 2.
NOW DOC AND JOHNNY HAVE MOVED SO THAT THEY ARE IN FRONT OF THE FRENCH WINDOW THAT WE GLIMPSED LAST PANEL, WITH A VIEW OF THE EXTENSIVE GREEN GROUNDS VISIBLE BEYOND THEM, STRETCHING AWAY TOWARDS A DISTANT TREELINE. JOHNNY, OVER TOWARDS OUR LEFT AND MAYBE HALF FIGURE, IS BICKING UP THE BOWL OF PEANUTS OR SNACKS OR WHATEVER IN ONE HAND AND STARTING TO TAKE ONE OUT OF THE BOWL WITH THE FINGERS OF HIS OTHER HAND. HE LOOKS AT DOC, FACING HIM FROM OVER ON THE RIGHT AS HE DOES THIS, HIS EXPRESSION CYNICAL AND UNCONVINCED. DOC, ON THE RIGHT, IS LOOKING AT JOHNNY AS SHE EXPLAINS TO HIM WHERE THE OTHERS ARE. OUT THROUGH THE

PAGE 7.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

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PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SEE BOTH DOC AND JOHNNY FULL FIGURE, WITH DOC COMING TO A HALT OVER TO THE LEFT, STEPPINH BACK FROM JOHNNY AND LOOKING APOLOGETIC. JOHNNY STANDS MORE TO OUR RIGHT, WITH THE LAST FOGGY TRACES OF HIS VENUS DE MILO HOLOGRAM DISSIPATING FROM AROUND HIM. HE SCOWLS AT DOC AND RUBS HIS SORE ARM WHERE SHE BURNED HIM WITH HER TOUCH. ALL AROUND THEM, WE SEE THE PLUSH INTERIOR OF THE MANSION'S GROUND FLOOR. THERE IS A LARGE FRENCH WINDOW SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND LOOKING OUT ONTO THE MANOR'S SPACIOUS GREEN GROUNDS, WITH TREES IN THE DISTANCE. STANDING SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKGROUND THERE IS ALSO A WOODEN TABLE UPON WHICH STANDS A BOWL HALF FULL OF PEANUTS OR SOME OTHER BAR SNACK.

DOC : Oh. Sorry. Friction heat. I forgot.

JOHNNY : Huh! You call yourself a DOCTOR? You oughtta be struck off the REGISTER, man!

JOHNNY : Anyway, I'm sick of playing tag with you. Where'd everybody ELSE go?

PANEL 2.

NOW DOC AND JOHNNY HAVE MOVED SO THAT THEY ARE IN FRONT OF THE FRENCH WINDOW THAT WE GLIMPSED LAST PANEL, WITH A VIEW OF THE EXTENSIVE GREEN GROUNDS VISIBLE BEYOND THEM, STRETCHING AWAY TOWARDS A DISTANT TREELINE. JOHNNY, OVER TOWARDS OUR LEFT AND MAYBE HALF FIGURE, IS BICKING UP THE BOWL OF PEANUTS OR SNACKS OR WHATEVER IN ONE HAND AND STARTING TO TAKE ONE OUT OF THE BOWL WITH THE FINGERS OF HIS OTHER HAND. HE LOOKS AT DOC, FACING HIM FROM OVER ON THE RIGHT AS HE DOES THIS, HIS EXPRESSION CYNICAL AND UNCONVINCED. DOC, ON THE RIGHT, IS LOOKING AT JOHNNY AS SHE EXPLAINS TO HIM WHERE THE OTHERS ARE. OUT THROUGH THE CLOSED FRENCH WINDOW BEHIND THEM, ACROSS THE HUGE LAWNS, WE CAN SEE THAT THERE IS SOME SORT OF SMALL EXPLOSION GOING ON AMONGST THE TREES ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE LAWN, AS IF SOMETHING WERE BURSTING THROUGH THEM AT TREMENDOUS

PAGE 8.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SPEED COMING TOWARDS US, BUT AS THEY'RE SO FAR AWAY THE WHOLE EVENT IS TOO SMALL TO BE VERY NOTICEABLE HERE. CERTAINLY NEITHER DOC OR JOHNNY SEEM TO NOTICE IT.

DOC : Well, TWILIGHT and the Flying NUN are on patrol in OMEGAPOLIS. JEFF and LEONARD are in COAST CITY, giving evidence at Stormhead's COMMITAL HEARING.

DOC : They took MIDDLE Brother, and they're expected back within the hour. I don't know where WAXEY is.

DOC : Probably sorting through his SUPER-GROUP clippings somewhere.

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT. ON THE LEFT, JOHNNY TIPS HIS HEAD BACK AND OPENS HIS MOUTH, FLIPPING THE NUT OR WHATEVER IT IS UP IN THE AIR AND HOPING TO CATCH IT INHIS MOUTH. THE NUT OR WHATEVER HANGS SUSPENDED IN MID AIR HERE BETWEEN HAND AND MOUTH. (BETTER PUT JOHNNY'S BALLOONS TO OUR LEFT OF HIM HERE, TO GIVE THE IMPRESSION THAT HE'S SPEAKING A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE HE THROWS THE NUT TOWARDS HIS MOUTH. ON THE RIGHT, DOC IS STARTING TO LOOK AWAY FROM JOHNNY AND OUT THROUGH THE FRNECH WINDOWS BEHIND THEM. THE BLURRED, BLUISH FLURRY OF ACTIVITY IS NOW HALFWAY ACROSS THE TURFED LAWN, WITH DIVOTS OF SCORCHED EARTH AND GRASS SPRAYING UP TO EITHER SIDE OF IT AS IT ROCKETS TOWARDS US. DOC STARES OUT OF THE WINDOW AT THIS, A BEWILDERED AND SURPRISED EXPRESSION ON HER FACE.

JOHNNY : Heh. Yeah, right. Y'know, old Mr. Doyle, he's a nice enough guy, funding the TEAM for us and everything...

JOHNNY : But, it's like, SEXUALLY, I gotta wonder about him and his WAX GUN. See, symbolically, it's...

DOC : Uhh...

DOC : Johnny, this is really FASCINATING...

PANEL 4.

EXACTLY THE SAME SHOT. DOC HAS MOVED HER PERCEPTIONS UP A NOTCH TO HYPERSPEED. ON THE LEFT OF THE PANEL, JOHNNY IS AN EXACT XEROX OF THE WAY HE WAY LAST PANEL, STANDING WITH HEAD BACK AND MOUTH OPEN. THE PEANUT OR WHATEVER IS STILL HALF WAY BETWEEN HIS HAND AND HIS WAITING MOUTH. TOWARDS THE RIGHT, DOC MOVES INTO AN ALERT AND READY POSTURE, STILL GAZING OUT OF THE WINDOW TOWARDS THE LAWNS OUTSIDE. WALKING CASUALLY ACROSS THE LAWN TOWARDS US IS A THIN, ALMOST FASHIONABLY ANOREXIC YOUNG MAN IN A STRIKING BLUE COSTUME. MAYBE HIS SKIN COULD BE BLUE AS WELL IF YOU LIKE. I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I SEE HIM HAVING A SLIGHT AIR OF THE LATTER-DAY ENGLISH DANDY OR DECADENT ABOUT HIM, MAYBE A BIT LIKE THAT BRETT ANDERSON GUY IN THE BRITISH GROUP SUEDE,

PAGE 8.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

IF YOU KNOW THEM. ONE OF THE FEW CURRENT BRITISH GROUPS WORTH LISTENING TO AT THE MOMENT, BUT I DIGRESS. MAYBE THIS CHARACTER, WHOSE NAME IS **SPEEDWELL**, INCIDENTALLY, COULD HAVE SOME SORT OF FLOURISH TO THE CUT OF HIS COSTUME SUGGESTS AN OLD FASHIONED ELEGANCE INTERPRETED IN A ULTRA MODERN NINETIES WAY. MAYBE HE COULD BE WEARING SOMETHING SHAPED LIKE THE LONG FROCK COATS OF THE EDWARDIAN DANDIES, OR EVEN THE LATER "TEDDY BOYS", ONLY MADE OUT OF SOME NEW FANRIC AND WITH MORE CONVENTIONAL SUPERHERO TIGHT ONE PIECE COSTUME AND BOOTS ON UNDERNEATH. BOTH HE AND HIS SISTER (WHO WE'LL MEET IN A MOMENT) LOOK A BIT DRUGGED, DEPRAVED AND DECADENT. SPEEDWELL IS, UNSURPRISINGLY, A BIT OF A SPEEDFREAK, AND SHOULD PERHAPS HAVE THAT MAD DELUDED AMPHETAMINE/COCAINE GLINT IN HIS EYE MOST OF THE TIME AND BE GIVEN TO SLIGHTLY TWISTED COKEHEAD SMILES. AS WE SEE HIM HERE HE IS STROLLING ACROSS THE LAWNS TOWARDS THE MANOR FROM THE MID BACKGROUND, LOOKING VERY RELAXED, MAYBE WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. THE GRASS AROUND HIM IS SCORCHING AND SMOULDERING, AND DIVOTS OF THE TURF HANG IN THE AIR TO EITHER SIDE OF HIM IN A MOTIONLESS SPRAY OF EARTH. THINGS LOOKS STRANGE IN SPEEDYVISION.

DOC : ...but I'm afraid I'm going to have to jump to HYPERSPEED. Something's coming towards the MANSION.

DOC : At this speed of perception, I can see that it's a MAN, apparently walking CALMLY.

DOC : Even SO, at the speed he must be TRAVELLING, just the column of AIR moving in FRONT of him will...

PAGE 9.

PANEL 1.

A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST, TAKING UP HALF THE PAGE. WE SEE A FULL FIGURE LONGSHOT OF THE MANSION ROOM THEY ARE BOTH IN, WITH THE WINDOWS OVER TO OUR RIGHT IN THIS SHOT. JOHNNY STANDS OVER TO OUR LEFT, STILL FROZEN WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN AND HEAD BACK, THE PEANUT OR WHATEVER STILL SUSPENDED BETWEEN HAND AND MOUTH. DOC ROKET STANDS MORE TOWARDS CENTRE PANEL, FACING RIGHT, AND STARTIONG TO FLING UP HER HANDS TO PROTECT HERSELF, TAKING A STEP BACKWARDS AS ALL OF A SUDDEN THE FRENCH WINDOW ON THE RIGHT EXPLODES INWARDS WITH A TREMENDOUS HURRICANE FORCE, ALL THE RAZOR SHARP SLIVERS OF GLASS HANGING IN THE AIR AS THEY STREAK LIKE FLYING KNIVES TOWARDS DOC AND THE DEFENCELESS JOHNNY. AN APOCALYPTIC SILENT IMAGE OF THE GLASS EXPLODING INTO THE ROOM HERE.

No Dialogue

PAGE 9.

PANEL 2.

NOW, IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, WE CAN PARTIALLY SEE THE STILL FROZEN AND UNAWARE JOHNNY, THE PEANUT OR WHATEVER STILL SUSPENDED HALFWAY BETWEEN HIS HAND AND HIS WAITING MOUTH. IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE DOC ROCKET MOVING AT SUPERSPEED WITH MULTIPLE GHOSTLY ARMS AND AFTER IMAGES AND STUFF LIKE THAT AS SHE PLUCKS ALL THE SLIVERS OF FLYING GLASS CALMLY OUT OF THE AIR, ONE BY ONE, TRANSFERRING THEM TO A STACK OF SLIVERS HELD CAREFULLY BENEATH ONE ARM.

DOC : Aw JEEZ! GRAN'DAD told me HE did this once: "Picked about eleventy-hundred bits o' glass out the air afore they hurt a SOUL!"

DOC : Knowing HIM, he probably took them all to a BOTTLE BANK and disposed of them SAFELY and PROPERLY before gently apprehending the PERPETRATOR...

PANEL 3.

NOW WE ARE RIGHT BEHIND DOC AS SHE SPEEDS OUT THROUGH THE NOW MOSTLY-EMPTY FRENCH WINDOW AND ONTO THE LAWNS OUTSIDE, CARRYING THE STACK OF GLASS FRANGMENTS BENEATH HER ARM AND TRAILING AS MESS OF SPEEDLINES. SHE IS GAZING WITH AN ANGRY EXPRESSION TOWARDS *SPEEDWELL*, WHO IS STILL WALKING CALMLY ACROSS THE SMOULDERING, SPRAYED-UP TURF TOWARDS US, DOC AND THE OFF-PANEL MANOR FROM THE NEAR BACKGROUND ON OUR RIGHT. HE LOOKS VERY RELAXED, CONSIDERING HE MUST BE WALKING ABOUT TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND.

DOC : ...but that was THEN and this is NOW.

DOC : I don't KNOW you, mister, but I'm pretty sure you're fast enough to DODGE these, even if it DOES slow you down enough to CATCH.

DOC : Of course, if you're NOT fast enough, then my apologies...

PAGE 10.

PANEL 1.

FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL WE HAVE DOC FULL FIGURE TO THE LEFT, HER ARMS MOVING LIKE A MULTIPLE IMAGE WINDMILL AS SHE THROWS THE PROJECTILES OF RAZOR SHARP GLASS TOWARSD SPEEDWELL IN A DEADLY HAIL AS HE CONTINUES TO WALK CAMLY TOWARDS HER FROM THE RIGHT OF THE PANEL. HE LOOKS VAGUELY AMUSED. THE SHARDS OF GLASS HANG IN THE AIR BETWEEN THEM HERE AS THEY STREAK TOWARDS THE SMILING SPEEDWELL.

DOC : ...but your @$$ is GLASS!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW LOOKING MORE OR LESS OVER SPEEDWELL'S SHOULDER AS HE CONTINUES TO CALMLY STROLL FORWARDS, HEADING INTO THE PANEL, HEAD AND SHOULDERS AND FACING SLIGHTLY AWAY FROM US IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. UP THIS

PAGE 10.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

CLOSE TO SPEEDWELL, WE CAN SEE THAT THERE IS A SORT OF SHIMMERING AREA AROUND HIM, A LITTLE LIKE A HEAT HAZE OR SOME SORT OF BARELY-VISIBLE FORCE FIELD. AS THE SHARDS OF GLASS HIT THIS THEY MELT FIRST INTO LIQUID AND THEN INTO VAPOUR, SIPHONED OFF AROUND AROUND BEHIND HIM IN THIN DECORATIVE TRAILS BY HIS SLIPSTREAM. HE SMILES, ASSURED OF HIS OWN SUPERIORITY. DOC FACES HIM, LOOKING ON A LITTLE UNCRETAINLY FROM THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND. WE CAN'T SEE MUCH OF THE MANSION BEHIND HER IN THIS SHOT, ALTHOUGH ITS THERE.

SPEEDWELL : ...and your GLASS, I'm afraid, is GAS. I don't NEED to avoid it.

SPEEDWELL : The air around me is FAR too hot for SILICONE to remain solid. I wouldn't advise YOU to touch me, either.

SPEEDWELL : At THESE speeds, with THIS much KINETIC ENERGY, I imagine we'd EXPLODE.

DOC : Wh-Who ARE you?

PANEL 3.

A SIDE ON FULL FIGURE SHOT OF BOTH SPEEDWELL (ON OUR LEFT, FACING RIGHT) AND DOC (ON OUR RIGHT, FACING LEFT) AS HE CONTINUES TO WALK CALMLY TOWARDS HER. THE GRASS AROUND HIS FEET IS STILL SMOKING AND SPRAYING UP IN FROZEN, MOTIONLESS DIVOTS, AND THE TURF AROUND DOC'S FEET IS ALSO STARTING TO SMOULDER. SHE IS STARTING TO LOOK WORRIED AS SHE FACES THIS SEEMINGLY SUPERIOR SPEEDSTER. THE MANSION IS SOMEWHERE OFF PANEL BEHIND DOC HERE, OFF ON OUR RIGHT.

SPEEDWELL : My name's SPEEDWELL. No, REALLY. I was raised on a COMMUNE by hippy PARENTS. They synthesized and tested all sorts of WEIRD CHEMICALS.

SPEEDWELL : As a result, me and my SISTER learned to METABOLIZE the first drugs we TRIED. Mine were AMPHETAMINES, obviously.

DOC : WAIT a minute! What's this about a SISTER..?

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE AGAIN. WE ARE NOW BEHIND SPEEDWELL, WHO IS STILL CALMLY WALKING AWAY FROM US AND TOWARDS THE MANSION OVER ON OUR LEFT, ABOUT HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS. DOC ROCKET STANDS IN THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND. THE MANSION IS BEHIND HER, WITH THE SMASHED IN WINDOW STILL VISIBLE. STANDING TO THE RIGHT OF THE SMASHED IN WINDOW WITH HER BACK AGAINST THE WALL, LEANING ON IN IN A LANGUID AND SULTRY FASHION WE SEE *POPPY*. SHE IS STUNNINGLY BEAUTIFUL, AND I SEE HER AS LOOKING SOMETHUING LIKE WHAT ALPHONSE MUCHA MIGHT HAVE DESIGNED IF HE'D HAD TO COME UP WITH ONE OF HIS PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TO ADVERTISE OPIUM, RATHER THAN JUST TOBACCO. A CROWN OF POPPIES MAYBE, AROUND HER

PAGE 10.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

HEAD. LONG, FLOATING, SEMI-REVEALING ART NOUVEAU POPPY-PATTERNED ROBES. SPEEDWELL SMILES AS HE GESTURES TO HIS SISTER FROM THE BACKGROUND. DOC LOOKS STARTLED AS SHE STARTS TO SWIVEL HER EYES ROUND TO ONE SIDE AS IF TO SEE WHO'S BEHIND HER, BUT TOO LATE. IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, POPPY STANDS AGAINST THE WALL. IN THE AIR AROUND HER, THERE IS SOME SORT OF PSYCHEDELIC PATTERN, MAYBE PRINTED ON COLOR OVERLAY OR SOMETHING. IT SWIRLS AROUND HER, REPRESENTING HER OPIATED PHEROMONES. COILS OF THE DRIFTING, WRITHING PSYCHEDELIA ARE DRIFTING, FINGERLIKE, TOWARDS DOC IN THE MIDDLEGROUND, ASTARTING TO ENFOLD HER IN IN THEIR DREAMY TENDRILS AND POPPY PERFUMES.

SPEEDWELL : Oh, I'M sorry.

SPEEDWELL : Meet POPPY.

PAGE 11.

PANEL 1.

NOW A SIX PANEL PAGE, PROBABLY IN THREE TIERS OF TWO. WE CUT BACK TO JOHNNY PANIC, INSIDE THE MANSION. HE IS STILL IN THE SAME POSE AS LAST TIME, BUT HERE THE PEANUT OR WHATEVER IS LANDING IN HIS MOUTH WITH A NORMAL-TIME ARC OD SPEEDLINES CONNECTING IT TO HIS UPRAISED HAND. IF WE CAN SEE PART OF THE FRENCH WINDOW BEYOND HIM, IT NOW HAS ALMOST NO GLASS IN IT APART FROM A FEW SHARDS AROUND THE RIM. JOHNNY CLEARLY HASN'T HAD TIME TO NOTICE THAT ANYTHING HAS HAPPENED.

JOHNNY : ...what they call OVER-COMPENSATION.

JOHNNY : > *CHOMPF*<

JOHNNY : See, I got it all figured OUT. Waxey is obviously sublimating all these, like, URGES, and...

PANEL 2.

PULL BACK A LITTLE SO THAT WE SEE JOHNNY NOW IN A FULL FIGURE SHOT AS HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND REALISES THAT FIRSTLY THE WINDOW GLASS HAS GONE (MAYBE THERE ARE A FEW SHARDS FALLEN HARMLESSLY ON THE FLOOR HERE) AND THAT SECONDLY, DOC ROCKET HAS ALSO GONE FROM WHERE SHE WAS STANDING NEXT TO HIM.

JOHNNY : Uh...

JOHNNY : Rachel?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. WE ARE NOW OUTSIDE THE BROKEN FRENCH WINDOW, LOOKING IN. JOHNNY STANDS FACING US FROM THE ROOM BEYOND THE BROKEN OPEN WINDOW, OVER IN OUR LEFT BACKGROUND HERE. HE LOOKS SURPRISED AND DOESN'T SEEM TO BE HOLDING THE BOWL OF SNACKS IN HIS HAND ANY MORE...WHICH HE

<u>PAGE 11.</u>

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

SHOULD HAVE BEEN LAST PANEL. SORRY I FORGOT TO MENTION IT. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, HEADING INTO THE ROOM AWAY FROM US THROUGH THE SMASHED OPEN WINDOW, WE SEE SOMEBODY IN THE LEAD WHO LOOKS LIKE DOC ROCKET, BUT WHO HAS THE DRIFTING PSYCHEDELIC SCENT-AURA OF POPPY COILING ALL AROUND HER. FOLLOWING HER INTO THE ROOM, MORE IN THE EXTREME RIGHT FORTEGROUND FOR US HERE, WE SEE A COLD FACED AND EXPRESSIONLESS SPEEDWELL. JOHNNY JUST STANDS AND GAPES FROM THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND.

FAKE DOC ROCKET : Hi, Johnny. Sorry I popped OUT on you like that, but I needed some AIR.

FAKE DOC ROCKET : Let me introduce you to a new FRIEND of mine...

PANEL 4.

PULL BACK FOR A LOWER ANGLED SHOT HERE. NOW, IN THE LOWER FOREGROUND, WE SEE THE <u>REAL</u> DOC ROCKET SPRAWLING FACE DOWN AND UNCONSCIOUS ON THE LAWN OUTSIDE THE MANOR. LOOKING BEYOND HER WE SEE SPEEDWELL AND HIS SISTER, THE FAKE DOC ROCKET WITH HER PSYCHEDELIC AND ILLUSORY OPIUM FUMES DRIFTING AROUND HER IN COILS, AS THEY BOTH WALK INTO THE ROOM WHERE JOHNNY STANDS WAITING FOR THEM, SEEMINGLY FROZEN MOTIONLESS WITH SURPRISE.

FAKE DOC ROCKET : His name is SPEEDWELL, and he'll be taking MY place in the new YOUNGBLOOD as SPEEDSTER...

FAKE DOC ROCKET : ...just like his beautiful SISTER will be replacing YOU as ILLUSIONIST!

FAKE DOC ROCKET : You look TIRED, Johnny. Don't you feel SLEEPY?

PANEL 5.

CHANGE ANGLE. NOW JOHNNY STANDS HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. HE STILL SEEMS FROZEN INTO INACTION. THE CLOUDS OF PSYCHEDELIC MIST WAFTING FROM THE FAKE DOC ROCKET/ POPPY AS SHE ADVANCES ON HIM FROM THE M,IDDLEGROUND NOW COMPLETELY ENGULG HIS HEAD. "DOC ROCKET" STARTS TO LOOKS A LITTLE MIFFED THAT HER NARCOTIC POWERS DON'T SEEM TO BE AFFECTING JOHNNY. LOOKING JUST BEYOND HER TO THE RIGHT BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE SPEEDWELL, WHO HAS ALSO STEPPED WITHIN THE ROOM. SPEEDWELL IS 'T LOOKING AT JOHNNY IN THE FOREGROUND, BUT RATHER TURNING HIS HEAD TO PEER SUSPICIOUSLY AT AN ANTIQUE GRANDFATHER CLOCK THAT STANDS AGAINST THE WALL JUST BEHIND HIM AND MORE TO OUR RIGHT.

FAKE DOC ROCKET : Nice and sleepy. Your eyelids getting heavier until...

FAKE DOC ROCKET : SPEEDWELL, this isn't WORKING!

SPEEDWELL : Maybe not from YOUR perspective, but I see things DIFFERENTLY.

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PANEL 6.

SAME SHOT AS LAST PANEL, BUT IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND MAYBE THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS SHOT OF JOHNNY STARTS TO LOOK A BIT LESS SUBSTANTIAL AND A BIT MORE SEE THROUGH, EVEN THROUGH IT STILL HASN'T MOVED. IN THE CENTRE MIDDLEGROUND, WE SEE THE DOC ROCKET DISGUISE STARTING TO DISPERSE AND REVEAL POPPY BENEATH IT, WHO IS STARTING TO LOOK ROUND TOWARDS HER BROTHER, IMMEDIATELY BEHIND HER AND TO OUR RIGHT. SPEEDWELL LOOKS ROUND TOWARDS THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK BEHIND HIM WITH A SUPERCILIOUS SMILE AS HE VICIOUSLY DRIVES HIS ELBOW BACKWARDS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE GRANFATHER CLOCK, WHERE ITS SOLAR PLEXUS WOULD BE IF IT WERE, SAY, A TEENAGE HUMAN MALE. WEIRDLY, THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK SEEMS TO DTART TO DOUBLE UP FORWARD, AS IF WINDED BY THE BLOW. ITS NUMERAL COVERED FACE MAYBE SEEMS TO DISTORT, AS IF GRIMACING IN PAIN.

SPEEDWELL : HOLOGRAMS, for example.

SPEEDWELL : The FLICKER looks like a MEXICAN WAVE.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK : OOUUPH...

PAGE 12.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE CHANGE ANGLES SO THAT WE SEE JOHNNY DOUBLINGUP IN PAIN IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND AS THE MISTY HOLOGRAM IMAGE OF THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK STARTS TO MELT FROM AROUND HIM. SPEEDWELL, STANDING NEXT TO THE DOUBLED-OVER JOHNNY, GESTURES TO HIM WITH AMUSEMENT. POPPY, NOW COMPLETELY LOOKING LIKE HERSELF, SMILES AS SHE STARTS TO STEP FORWARD TOWARDS JOHNNY FROM THE BACKGROUND.

JOHNNY : ...ghhucchh...

SPEEDWELL : There. Does that make him an easier target for your narcotic PHEROMONES?

POPPY : MUCH better. I think Mr. PANIC is about to board the SLEEPYLAND EXPRESS.

POPPY : Thanks, Speedwell.

PANEL 2.

IN THE FOREGROUND NOW, JOHNNY HAS COLLAPSED TO THE FLOOR AND IS LOSING CONSCIOUSSNESS AS POPPY STANDS ABOVE HIM, FIRECTING TO FULL FORCE OF HER SWIRLING PSYCHEDELIC VAPOURS TOWARDS HIM, SO THAT HE'S COMPLETELY ENGULFED IN THEM. LOOKING PAST THIS TO THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND WE SEE SPEEDWELL FACING AWAY FROM US AS HE STROLLS OUTSIDE THE FETCH THE UNCONSCOUS BODY OF DOC ROCKET FROM THE GROUNDS.

PAGE 12.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

SPEEDWELL : Don't mention it. It's only RIGHT I keep an eye out for my little SISTER.

SPEEDWELL : I suppose we should immobilise these two and wait for our TEAM-MATES to arrive...

SPEEDWELL : ...although I hardly like to think I share a SPECIES with ATOMO, the LOUNGE LIZARD or that DEMONESS, let ALONE a TEAM!

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. POPPY STANDS OVER A NOW COMPLETELY UNCONSCIOUS JOHNNY PANIC, WITHIN THE MANSION IN THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE SEE A CASUAL-LOOKING SPEEDWELL AS HE GRABS THE UNCONSCIOUIS DOC ROCKET UNDER HER ARMS AND STARTS TO DRAG HER BACKWARDS TOWARDS THE MANSION, WHERE HIS SISTER WAITS WITH THE SUBDUED JOHNNY. SHE LOOKS ROUND AT HER BROTHER AS SHE SPEAKS.

POPPY : Hmm. I know what you MEAN. Still, it's nice to think that we'll be YOUNGBLOOD and get our PICTURES in the papers!

SPEEDWELL : That's true...and this MANSION'S nothing to SNIFF at. Y'know, actually we make a refreshingly different TEAM CONCEPT.

SPEEDWELL : SHAFT was interviewed about HIS team putting the "YOUNG" into YOUNGBLOOD....

PANEL 4.

BOTH DOC ROCKET AND JOHNNY PANIC NOW SPRAWL UNCONSCIOUS ON THE TILED FLOOR OF THE MANSION. IN THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND, POPPY AND SPEEDWELL STAND SMILING OVER THEM, MAYBE WITH SPEEDWELL PLACING ONE FOOT ON THE FALLEN HEROES, AS THEY STAND THERE TRIUMPHANTLY OVER THEIR FALLEN FOES.

SPEEDWELL : ...so I guess it's up to US to provide the BLOOD!

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE TO KICK OFF OUR NEXT SECTION, WITH THE FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST, TAKING UP ROUGHLY THREE QUARTERS OF THE PAGE. WE ARE SOMEWHERE UP IN THE AIR ABOVE THE DOYLE MANSION HERE, WITH THE MANSION AND ITS GROUNDS SPREAD OUT BENEATH US. UP TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, DESCENDING AWAY FROM US WE SEE *SHAFT* AND *BIG BROTHER.* SHAFT IS HOLDING A PECULIAR HIGH TECH ARROW IN BOTH HANDS IN FRONT OF HIM. THE BULGING METALLIC NOSECONE OF THE ARROW IS OPENED OUT IN SEGMENTS, WITH A SORT OF STRANGELY DESIGNED AND STYLISH DRAG PARACHUTE ERUPTING FROM THE END. IT IS THIS THAT SHAFT IS DESCENDING UPON. BIG BROTHER, WHO IS SEEN HERE INHABITING HIS MIDDLE-SIZED BODY, IS SLIGHTLY MORE TO OUR LEFT, HOVERING

PAGE 13.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

IN THE AIR UNDER HIS OWN POWER, MAYBE WITH FIERY JETS AND EXHAUSTS ISSUING FROM EITHER THE SOLES OF HIS FEET OR HIS BACK OR WHEREVER HIS ROCKET PACK IS. HIS ROBOTIC FACE LOOKS ROUND AT SHAFT AS SHAFT SPEAKS TO HIM. BENEATH THEM, VERTIGINOUSLY, THE MANOR GROUNDS RUSH UP TO MEET THEM. THE LOGOS GO UP AT THE TOP OF THE PAGE. WE SHOULD HAVE A NICE NEW *SHAFT* LOGO AROUND SINCE THE EIGHT PAGER IN THE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL, BUT I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO GET RICHARD TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING FOR *BIG BROTHER*. MAYBE SOMETHING IN BIG, SLAB LIKE PIG-IRON LETTERS THAT ARE BOLTED TOGETHER. SOMETHING BIG, CHUNKY AND INDUSTRIAL.

LOGOS : ***SHAFT***
and
BIG BROTHER

SHAFT : Thanks for the ride from COAST CITY, Leonard, but I'll handle this last stretch MYSELF.

SHAFT : I want to try out some of these new ARROWS that your FOSTER-DAD had designed for me.

B.B (CRACKLE) : Trick ARROWS? Man, you're going to end up like DAD on his RETRO trip.

B.B. (CRACKLE) : Next, it'll be "Super-teams should have snappy INITIALS", or "Groups don't split up into small UNITS how they used to".

B.B. (CRACKLE) : Let's just go HOME, okay?

PANEL 2.

NOW THE TWO HAVE LANDED OR ARE JUST IN FRONT OF THE MANSION, WHICH IS IN THE BACKGROUND HERE. WE CAN SEE THE GLASSLESS FRENCH WINDOW AND THE SCORCH MARKS ON THE LAWN. SHAFT, SEEN HERE COLLAPSING HIS DRAG CHUTE, LOOKS TOWARDS THE MANSION WITH A LOOK OF CONCERN. BIG BROTHER IS MAYBE JUST TOUCHING DOWN, MORE TO OUR RIGHT, WITH A BIG CLOUD OF RETRO-ROCKET EXHAUST FUMES BENEATH HIM AS HE DOES SO. HE IS ALSO LOOKING AWAY FROM US AND TOWARDS THE MANSION. THE BALLOON BELONGING TO THE OFF PANEL ***SENTINEL*** COMES FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT IN THE FOREGROUND, BEHIND THE TWO HEROES. IF IT LOOKS GOOD, MAYBE BIG BROTHER IS JUST STARTING TO TURN IN SURPRISE TOWARDS US AND THE SOURCE OF THE VOICE BEHIND THEM HERE.

SHAFT : I don't think home's how we LEFT it, Leonard.

SHAFT : For one thing, WAXEY replaced the TURF last week, and now it's got Rachel's SCORCH MARKS all over it again. Plus, the WINDOW'S smashed in.

SENTINEL (OFF) : God, Jeff, it's good to SEE, y'know? You're ALERT, attentive to DETAIL...

PAGE 14.

PANEL 1.

NOW A THREE PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL THE BIGGEST. WE REVERSE ANGLES NOW SO THAT THE MANSION IS NOW OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND SOMEWHERE. IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER BOTH DIVE FOR COVER, WITH SHAFT MORE TOWARDS OUR LEFT. LOOKING PAST THEM TO THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND WE SEE SENTINEL AS HE COMES SWOOPING DOWN, FIRING A RAKING, CRACKLING PLASMA BURST FROM HIS HANDS TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, WHERE IT JUST MISSES THE TWO HEROES AS THEY DIVE OUT OF ITS WAY. SENTINEL HAS MAYBE HAD HIS COSTUME MODIFIED OR RECOLORED TO SUGGEST HIS NEW STATUS AS A CYBER-VILLAIN. MAYBE SOMETHING BLACK AND SLEEK AND HIGH TECH AND SINISTER, WITH FINS THAT ARE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A SHARK AND A CHEVROLET. WHATEVER LOOKS GOOD TO YOU, STEVE, BASICALLY. HIS EXPRESSION IS COLD AND MERCILESS AND VENGEFUL AS HE UNLEASHES HIS POWER BOLT AGAINST SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER.L

SENTINEL : Perfect team LEADER material.
SENTINEL : Just like I TAUGHT you.
F.X. (BOLT) : *SSKKRRAAAZZZAAAKK*
SHAFT : AAA!

PANEL 2.

NOW OVER TO THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE SENTINEL, WHO HAS EITHER LANDED OR IS HOVERING IN THE AIR, WHICHEVER LOOKS BEST TO YOU. HE FACES AWAY FROM US AT AN ANGLE TOWARDS THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND, WHERE WE SEE A SHOCKED-LOOKING SHAFT STARTING TO RISE TO HIS FEET, GAZING AT SENTINEL WITH AN INCREDULOUS AND DISBELIEVING EXPRESSION. BIG BROTHER IS ALSO IN THE BACKGROUND, ALSO RISING TO HIS FEET AFTER THE BLAST. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, MAYBE ALL WE SEE OF SENTINEL IS A GLIMPSE OF HIS MED SECTION, WITH ONE OF HIS ARMS HANGING DOWN, THE METALLIC FIST STILL SMOULDERING WITH PLASMA ENERGY, AND HIS BALLOON ISSUING FROM OFF PANEL, IF THAT WORKS OKAY. THE MANSION IS VISIBLE IN THE BACKGROUNDS, AND THE LAWN AROUND SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER IS LOOKING INCREASINGLY BEATEN UP IN THE WAKE OF SENTINEL'S PLASMA ATTACK.

SHAFT : SENTINEL? MARCUS?
SHAFT : B-But you were placed in Supreme's HELL OF MIRRORS for the RIPTIDE murder.
SENTINEL (OFF) : Don't you read the NEWS? There was a BREAKOUT last MONTH! For thirty-six hours, KORGO THE SPACE TYRANT was U.S. PRESIDENT!
SENTINEL (OFF) : Most of the Mirror-Villains were RECAPTURED, but not ME.

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PANEL 3.

CLOSE ON SHAFT, MAYBE A HALF FIGURE SHOT, AS HE UNSHOULDERS HIS BOW AND FIRES AN ARROW TOWARDS US AND THE NOW TOTALLY OFF PANEL SENTINEL. THE ARROW, LARGE AND FORESHORTENED, HURTLES TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. THE BUSINESS END OF THE ARROW SEGMENTS OR OPENS IN SOME OTHER WAY, AND WHAT LOOKS LIKE A SUPER-COMPRESSED FISHING NET IS STARTING TO BURST OUT OF THE END TOWARDS US. UP TO YOU WHETHER WE CAN SEE BIG BROTHER IN THIS PANEL OR NOT. MAYBE ITS JUST A DYNAMIC SOLO SHOT OF SHAFT FIRING THE TRICK NET-ARROW TOWARDS US AND THE OFF PANEL SENTINEL.

SHAFT : Then allow us to CORRECT that oversight!

SHAFT : You were my FRIEND once, Marcus. My fellow YOUNGBLOOD LEADER. But LEANNA was my friend TOO...

SHAFT : ...and you bludgeoned her to DEATH!

PAGE 15.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, MAYBE WE GLIMPSE A LITTLE OF BOTH SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER FROM THE REAR AS THEY STAND TO EITHER SODE OF THE FRAME, MOSTLY OFF PANEL. OR, IF IT SUITS YOU BETTER, YOU CAN DISPENSE WITH THEM ENTIRELY HERE AND JUST SHOW A STRIKING ACTION SHOT OF SENTINEL. USING SOME SORT OF HEAT RAY, EITHER FROM SOME MECHANISM ON HIS CHEST OR BUILT INTO HIS FISTS, SENTINEL MELTS BOTH THE STEEL-FIBER NET THAT SHAFT JUST FIRES AT HIM AND THE ARROW THAT IT WAS ATTACHED TO. HE SNEERS WITH CONTEMPT AS HE DOES THIS, THE FLASH OF HIS WEAPONRY UNDERLIGHTING HIS FACE FROM BELOW.

SENTINEL : You really don't GET it, do you? You were only ever LEADER on MY say-so!

SENTINEL : Youngblood was MY team. Youngblood will ALWAYS be my team. LEANNA had to die to ENSURE that.

SENTINEL : You and your new FRIENDS are about to JOIN her.

PANEL 2.

IF WE SEE SHAFT IN THIS PANEL, HE'S OVER IN THE BACKGROUND OR FOREGROUND SOMEWHERE, RELOADING AND LOOKING ON. IN THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL WE SEE A FULL FIGURE SHOT OF THE MIDDLE SIZED BIG BROTHER AS HE HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST SENTINEL, POSSIBLY WITH HIS WEAPONRY BLAZING. SENTINEL TAKES THE FORCE OF THE ATTACK AND GRUNTS WITH THE IMPACT BUT OTHERWISE APPEARS UNWORRIED, HIS CUSTOMARY SNEER STILL IN PLACE. THE TWO MECHANICALLY AUGMENTED MEN CLASH SPECTACULARLY, WITH EVEN THE MIDDLE SIZED BIG BROTHER THAT WE SEE HERE FAR BIGGER THAN SENTINEL. SENTINEL, HOWEVER, IS CRACKLIONG WITH ELECTRICAL POWER AND ENERGY, AND THE BATTLE IS NOWHERE NEAR AS ONE SIDE AS IT LOOKS.

PAGE 15.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Man, that DOES it! You're threatening ME?
BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : When oh WHEN are we gonna see an end to this black-on-black VIOLENCE?

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE. THE FIGHT BETWEEN SENTINEL AND BIG BROTHER IS NOW GOING ON OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND, WITH LOTS OF POWER BOLTS AND STUFF FLYING EVERYWHERE. SHAFT, UP TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, SUDDENLY FINDS THAT THE GROUND BENEATH HIM IS SHAKING AND THAT HIS ARROWS ARE JUMPING OUT OF THEIR QUIVER AND FLYING EVERYWHERE, AS IF THERE WAS ABOUT TO BE AN EARTHQUAKE. SHAFT LOOKS BEWILDERED AS THE WHOLE OF THE GROUNDS THAT SENTINEL AND BIG BROTHER ARE FIGHTING ON SUDDENLY START TO SHUDDER AND VIBRATE SEISMICALLY.

SENTINEL : Of course, after seeing you on television, I was expecting you to be much BIGGER, but then, that's TELEVISION.
SENTINEL : Your REPLACEMENT'S certainly a lot HUSKIER than YOU are...
SHAFT : Leonard? I-Is that YOU causing that TREMOR with some sort of SEISMIC DEVICE? The whole GROUNDS are shaking!
SHAFT : I-It feels like something's about to...

PANEL 4.

AN EXPLOSIVE PANEL. SUDDENLY, THE GROUND ERUPTS FROM UNDERNEATH, WITH SOIL AND ROCKS SPRAYING UPWARDS. THE FIGURES OF SHAFT, SENTINEL AND BIG BROTHER ARE ALL SENT FLYING IN THE SUDDEN MASSIVE UPWARD SURGE OF ENERGY FROM BELOW THE EARTH. WE CAN'T SEE WHAT IT IS THAT'S COMING YET, ONLY THE FORCE THAT IT IS ARRIVING WITH.

SHAFT : ...erupt...

PAGE 16.

PANEL 1.

A TWO PANEL PAGE NOW, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL BY FAR THE BIGGEST. THIS FIRST PANEL IS A KIND OF TRIBUTE TO THE ATLAS/MARVEL COMICS AGE OF BIG MONSTERS, EVEN THOUGH BY THAT I DN'T MEAN THAT IT HAS TO BE DRAWN IN A KIRBY OR DITKO STYLE...DO IT IN YOUR OWN INIMITABLE FASHION, BUT JUST TRY AND GIVE IT THE VISUAL ENERGY AND NOVELTY THAT THOSE BIG KIRBY MONSTERS HAD THEN. BASICALLY, THE IMAGE IN THIS PANEL HAS SHAFT, SENTINEL AND EVEN BIG BROTHER AD RELATIVELY TINY FIGURES DOWN TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE COMPOSITION...SAY A BIT LIKE THE COVER TO FANTASTIC FOUR NUMBER ONE...WHILE THE GIGANTIC MONSTER THAT IS *ATOMO* RISES UP FROM THE GIGANTIC CRATER THAT HE HAS MADE IN THE FRONT LAWN OF THE MANOR AS HE EMERGES FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN KINGDOM WHERE HE

PAGE 16.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

USUALLY RESIDES, WAVING HIS CRAB-LIKE PINCERS OR WHATEVER HE HAS INSTEAD OF HANDS IN THE AIR. HIS EMPTY WHITE CIRCULAR EYES STARING FROM THE CRAGGY BLACK KIRBY SHADOWS OF HIS FACE AREA LIKE BALEFUL SEARCHLIGHTS. SOIL AND ROCKS RAIN DOWN LIKE WATER ALL AROUND HIM, POURING FROM HIS GIANT BODY AS HE EMERGES UP FROM THE DEEP, HIS HUGE GAPING PIT OF A MOUTH OPN AS IF IN A TERRIBLE ROAR. HIS SIZE ALONE IS STAGGERING.

No Dialogue

PANEL 2.

IN THIS SMALLER BOTTOM PANEL, WE HAVE BIG BROTHER AND SHAFT SORT OF STANDING LOOKING A BIT SCARED TOWARDS THE LEFT BEACKGROUND BELOW US, AS WE LOOK DOWN FROM A SLIGHTLY ELEVATED ANGLE, WTH BOTH OF THEM FULL FIGURE AS THEY STAND THERE LOOKING VERY WARY AND READY FOR TROUBLE INDEED, GAZING UP WITH AWESTRUCK EYES AT THE FIGURE OF ATOMO, WHO IS NOW OFF PANEL SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREGROUND AND THUS INVISIBLE TO US HERE. ALL WE CAN SEE OF HIM IS HIS HUGE SHADOW AS IT FALLS OVER THE PANEL, ECLIPSING SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER AS THEY STAND LOOKING UP IN AWE FROM BENEATH THE GREAT ECLIPSE. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE HAVE SENTINEL MAYBE HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS AS HE FACES AWAY FROM US INTO THE PANEL TOWARDS SHAFT AND BIG BROTHER. HE IS SORT OF LOOKING BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TOWARDS US, AS IF HE WERE CALLING BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER TO THE OFF PANEL ATOMO, URGING HIM ON.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : @£$%&! What the £$#% is THAT, man? My GEIGER-COUNTERS are going CRAZY!

SENTINEL : His name is ATOMO, and he's been sleeping underground in a bed of raw URANIUM for thirty years. What do you EXPECT?

SENTINEL : ATOMO? Introduce yourself to the gentleman whose POSITION you'll be taking over.

PAGE 17.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SEE ATOMO MAKE A SUDDEN LUNGE FORWARD WITH ONE HUGE HAND. HE CATCHES MIDDLE-SIZED BIG BROTHER UNAWARES AND KNOCKS THE BIG ROBOT OFF BALANCE, DRIVING HIM BACKWARDS WITH PILEDRIVER FORCE. BIG BROTHER INADVERTANTLY SMASHES INTO SHAFT, WHO IS KNOCKED FLYING AND LOOKS LIKE HE'S PROBABLY BEEN RENDERED UNCONSCIOUS.

PAGE 17.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

ATOMO : ***GRROOORRNK!***
F.X. (BLOW) : ***SKKRRESSHH***
B.B. (CRACKLE) : Shaft, look OUT, he's...
SHAFT : GNUHHH...

PANEL 2.

NOW, OVER TO OUR LEFT OF THE PANEL AND SLIGHTLY MORE TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE MIDDLE SIZED BIG BROTHER GRIPPED IN ONE OF ATOMO'S HUGE AND CRAGGY THREE FINGERED HANDS, OR PINCERS OR WHATEVER HE'S GOT. ATOMO HIMSELF, NOW RISEN FROM THE CRATER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LAWNS, FILLS THE BACKGROUND, HIS HUGE SAUCER EYES STARING AND HIS MASSIVE MOUTH OPEN AND GAPING. IN THE FOREGROUND, BIG BROTHER TRIGGERS SOME SORT OF MISSILE LAUNCHERS THAT ARE MAYBE BUILT INTO HIS SHOULDERS. THEY OPEN WITH A METALLIC CLICK AND THEN PIRE THEIR LARGE AIR-TORPEDOES, LEAVING TRACER-TRAILS OF SMOKE BEHIND THEM THROUGH THE AIR, STRAIGHT INTO ATOMO'S OPEN MOUTH, WHICH GAPES LIKE A CAVE IN THE NEAR BACKGROUND.

B.B. (CRACKLE) : Aw, great. Shaft's out cold in the first ROUND! Never bet on the WHITE guy!
B.B. (CRACKLE) : Meanwhile, I'm left with the Three Mile Island MUD-PUPPY! Let's see how he likes a SHRAPNEL MOUTHWASH...
F.X. (MISSILES OPENING) : ***kla-chikk***
F.X. (MISSILES FIRING) : ***PWOOOMM***

PANEL 3.

MAYBE RWEVERSE ANGLE SO THAT WE ARE SORT OF LOOKING OVER ATOMO'S SHOULDER, WITH HIS HAND THAT IS STILL CLUTCHING BIG BROTHER OVER IN OUR NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, ATOMO'S HEAD IS STURNED SO THAT WE CAN STILL SEE A LOT OF HIS EXPRESSION. HE PURSES HIS GIGANTIC CRAGGY LIPS ALMOST COMICALLY, AS IF TRYING TO STIFLE A THERMONUCLEAR BURP. FIRE AND SMOKE SUDDENLY BURST OUT FROM THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH AT EITHER SIDE, AND HIS GREAT WHITE EYES SEEM TO BULGE A LITTLE IN THEIR SOCKETS AS BOTH MISSLES GO OFF AT ONCE IN HIS MOUTH. DESPITE THIS, IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE MISSILES HAVE GIVEN HIM A GREAT DEAL WORSE THAN INDIGESTION. STILL CLUTCHED TIGHT IN ATOMO'S FIST, BIG BROTHER IS STARTING TO LOOK A LITTLE WORRIED.

F.X. (EXPLOSION FROM LEFT OF MOUTH) : ***BWUBBOOMM***
ATOMO : URRNT?
F.X. (EXPLOSION FROM RIGHT OF MOUTH) : ***GWWOOMM***
BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Oh sh...

PAGE 17.

PANEL 4.

IN THIS LAST PANEL, WE MAYBE HAVE A PROFILE SHOT WITH ATOMO IN HALF FIGURE PROFILE ON THE LEFT. HIS MASSIVE MOUTH OPENS WIDE, AND HE BELCHES OUT AN ANNIHILATING COLUMN OF FLAME, AN INCREDIBLY POWERFUL GEYSER OF PURE ATOMIC FIRE. THIS DEVASTATING BLAST HITS BIG BROTHER SQUARE ON, BLASTING HIM OUT FROM ATOMO'S OPEN FIST AND SENDING HIS HUGE BLUK FLYING BACKWARDS THROUGH THE BURNING AIR. WE CAN SEE THAT SOME OF BIG BROTHER'S CASING IS ALREADY STARTING TO MELT IN THE FORCE OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY FIREBURST.

ATOMO : ***HWWOOOAAARRRGH***

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : ...iiiiiiiiii....

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PANEL 1.

NOW A FIVE PANEL PAGE, BROKEN INTO THREE TIERS WITH ONE WIDE PANEL ON THIS TOP TIER AND THEN TWO SMALLER PANELS ON EACH OF THE TWO TIERS BELOW THAT. IN THIS FIRST WIDE PANEL, WE GET A SHOT OF THE BADLY DISABLED BIG BRITHER ROBOT AS IT HURTLES BACKWARDS THROUGH THE AIR, MAYBE IN A FLICKERING KINETIC SHOT IF THAT SEEMS APPROPRIATE. BIG BROTHER STUMBLES BACKWARDS, SMOULDERING AND MELTING AND WITH COMPONENTS FALLING OFF OF HIM AS HE DOES SO. HE IS HEADING TOWARDS SOME FEATURE OF THE GROUNDS THAT ARE RELATIVELY NEAR TO THE FRONT OF THE MANOR..IT COULD BE A COPSE OF TREES, OR A SUMMERHOUSE, OR A BUNCH OF STATUES, OR SOME COMBINATION OF THESE. ITS JUST SO THAT THIS CAN PROVIDE SOME COVER IN PANEL FIVE ON THIS PAGE. HERE, THE HORRIBLY DAMAGED BIG BROTHER STAGGERS BACKWARDS TO COLLAPSE AGAINST THE COPSE/ SUMMERHOUSE/ STATUES OR WHATEVER, HALF-DEMOLISHING IT/ THEM IN THE PROCESS.

F.X. (B.B STUMBLING) : ***SKLATTANNGG***

F.X. (B.B. CRASHING) : ***GRRENNCHH***

PANEL 2.

IN THIS SMALLER PANEL, WE SEE SENTINEL AND MAYBE EVEN A GLIMPSE OF ATOMO'S MONSTROUS FORM AS THEY LOOK ON FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND, GAZING TOWARDS THE CENTRE BACKGROUND WHERE WE SEE BIG BROTHER. HE IS FLAT ON HIS BACK IN THE RUINS OF THE COPSE/ SUMMERHOUSE/ STATUES, AND HE LOOKS HIDEOUSLY DAMAGED. HIS CHEST IS A BLACK AND SMOKING CAVITY, AND MAYBE ONE OF HIS LIMBS IS HANGING OFF BY A COUPLE OF CABLES. HE TWITCHES SPASTICALLY AS HE LIES THERE IN THE RUBBLE. IT LOOKS LIKE HIS DEATH SPASMS, TO BE BRUTALLY FRANK. LITTLE SPARKS SHOOT OUT FROM HIS SPUTTERING, DEVASTATED ELECTRIC SYSTEMS.

F.X. (ELECTRICAL SHORTS) : ***spak shrutz krrizzik***

PAGE 18.

PANEL 3.

SAME SHOT. IN THE FOREGROUND, SENTINEL AND ATOMO RAISE RTHEIR HANDS TO SHIELD THEIR EYES FROM THE BLAST AND LIGHT AS IN THE IMMEDIATE CENTRE BACKGROUND, BIG BROTHER SUDDENLY EXPLODES SPECTACULARLY. FRAGMENTS FLY EVERYWHERE. THIS LOOKS PRETTY TERMINAL.

F.X. (EXPLOSION) : ***BUHVOOMMM***

PANEL 4.

CHANGE ANGLE. THESE LAST TWO PANELS, EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE DIVIDED BY A GULLEY DOWN THE MIDDLE, COULD MAYBE CONTAIN A CONTINUOUS BACKGROUND THAT JUST HAPPENS TO BE DIVIDED INTO TWO, BUT TAKEN AS A WHOLE MAKES UP ONE BIG PICTURE. IN THE FOREGROUND-MIDDLEGROUND OF THIS PANEL WE CAN SEE PART OF THE SMOKING WRECKAGE OF BIG BROTHER, WITH FRAGMENTS BLOWN OFF IN A WIDE RADIUS AROUND HIM. THERE IS A PALL OF DENSE SMOKE HANGING OVER THE WRECKAGE, BUT WE CAN SEE THAT THERE IS NOTHING LIVING INSIDE THE SMOULDERING METALLIC RUBBLE. THERE ARE JUST SOME CLUMPS OF UNIDENTIABLE INCINERATED MATTER THAT COULD BE ANYTHING. FROM THE NEAR BACKGROUND WE SEE A LTTLE OF ATOMO AS HE LOOKS ON WITH HIS BLANK SAUCER EYES, SOMEWHERE OVER TOWARDS THE LEFT. SENTINEL,. MORE TO THE RIGHT OF THE NEAR BACKGROUND, IS HOLDING THE UNCONSCIOUS SHAFT BY THE SCRUFF OF HIS NECK, STARTING TO DRAG HIM BACK TOWARDS THE MANSION, PART OF WHICH WE CAN SEE OVER TO THE RIGHT OF THE BACKGROUND, WITH THIS CONTINUES OVER INTO THE NEXT PANEL AS WELL. IT LOOKS LIKE BIG BROTHER IS DEAD. SENTINEL'S EXPRESSION IS COLD AND CYNICAL.

SENTINEL : Huh. So much for the next generation of CYBERWEAR.

SENTINEL : ATOMO, you keep WATCH. I'll take good old JEFF inside for our little YOUNGBLOOD reunion.

SENTINEL : Don't feel EXCLUDED. We'll throw you the LEFTOVERS.

PANEL 5.

PANEL ACROSS TO THE RIGHT NOW, WITH THE BACKGROUND CONTINUING SO THAT IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE THE MANSION WITH ITS BLASTED OPEN WINDOW, PERHAPS WITH A PARTIAL GLIMPSE OF SENTINEL TO THE LEFT OF THIS PANEL AS HE DRAGS SHAFT TOWARDS THE OPEN MANSION IN THE BACKGROUND. IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE PART OF THE DAMAGED COPSE/ DEMOLISHED SUMMERHOUSE/ SMASHED STATUES THAT I MENTIONED UP IN PANEL ONE. HERE, IT IS PROVIDING COVER FOR LEONARD, WHO HAS APPARENTLY ESCAPED FROM THE WRECKAGE OF BIG BROTHER BEFORE IT EXPLODED. HE HIDES ON OUR SIDE OF THE COVER, WHATEVER IT IS, LOOKING SCARED AS HE KEEPS HIMSELF OUT OF SIGHT OF SENTINEL AND ATOMO, OVER IN THE LEFT

PAGE 18.

PANEL 5. (FROM OVER)

BACKGROUND. LEONARD PROBABLY HAS ONE ARM OF HIS JACKET SCORCHED AND BURNED, ALONG WITH A FEW MINOR CUTS AND BRUISES, JUST TO INDICATE THAT IT PROBABLY WASN'T SIMPLE GETING OUT OF THE BURNING ROBOT. ALSO, HIS LEGS ARE SORT OF CRUMPLES NDER HIM, SO THAT WE CAN SEE THEY ARE COMPLETELY USELESS. OUT OF HIS CHAIR, LEONARD CAN'T WALK, DESPITE HIS UPPER-BODY STRENGTH. THE SWEAT STANDS OUT ON HIS BROW, AND HE LOOKS AS IF HE REALISES THAT HE'S IN A PRETTY SHITTY SITUATION.

No Dialogue

PAGE 19.

PANEL 1.

NOW A TWO PANEL PAGE, WITH THIS FIRST PANEL TAKING UP THREE QUARTERS OF IT. UP AT THE TOP, WE HAVE THE NEW ***YOUNGBLOOD*** LOGO, SINCE THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THIS ISSUE THAT WE SEE THE WHOLE TEAM FULLY ASSEMBLED. WE ARE INSIDE SOME SPACIOUS, HIGH CEILINGED PART OF THE MANSION. IN THE BACKGROUND, FIVE SORT OF THREE POINT CURCIFIXES HAVE BEEN ARRANGED IN A ROW. EACH OF THE CRUCIFIXES IS SHAPED LIKE THE "Y" OF THE YOUNGBLOOD LOGO. HANGING SHACKED BY THEIR WRISTS TO THESE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, FACING US FROM THE BACKGROUND WE HAVE THE LIMP FORMS OF TWILIGHT, SUPREMA (WHO HAS SATANA'S PITCHFORK STILL FIXED FOUND HER NECK, STICKING INTO THE MATERIAL OF HER CRUCIFIX), SHAFT (WHO IS GROGGILY STARTING TO COME ROUND, IN THE CENTRE OF THE ARRANGEMENT), JOHNNY PANIC AND FINALLY DOC ROCKET. ALL OF THE TEAM LOOK ONLY SEMI-CONSCIOUS AT BEST. IN THE FOREGROUND, FACING MOSTLY AWAY FROM US AND LOOKING GLOATINGLY AT THE HELPLESS HEROES, WE HAVE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT SATANA, THE LOUNGE LIZARD, SENTINEL (IN THE CENTRE AND FACING DEAD AWAY FROM US AS HE LOOKS UP AT THE CRUCIFIED SHAFT), POPPY AND HER ATTENTIVE BROTHER SPEEDWELL OVER TO THE RIGHT. THIS IS A SORT OF CLASSIC VILLAIN-TEAM-GLOAT-OVER-CAPTURED-HERO-TEAM SPLASH PANEL, SO HAVE FUN.

LOGO : ***YOUNGBLOOD***

SHAFT : ...unngghh...

SENTINEL : Welcome back to painful REALITY, Shaft. Hey, how about these YOUNGBLOOD CRUCIFIXES I had Satana conjure up? SPECIAL, ain't they?

SENTINEL : Now, as I remember, at least THREE of you were on that JURY that condemned me to the MIRROR HELL.

SENTINEL : Right now, you're probably wondering how badly I TOOK that.

PAGE 19.

PANEL 2.

IN THIS BOTTOM PANEL, WE SEE SHAFT HANGING ON HIS CRUCIFIX IN PROFILE, OVER TOWARDS THE LEFTAND FACING RIGHT. MORE TOWARDS THE CENTRE OF THE PANEL, WE SEE SENTINEL FACING LEFT TOWARDS SHAFT AS HE STANDS SCOWLING UP AT THE CRUCIFIED HERO. BEHIND SENTINEL, MORE TO OUR RIGHT, WE CAN SEE A LITTLE OF THE LOUNGE LIZARD AND MAYBE POPPY OR SPEEDWELL. THEY ARE TURNING ROUND TO LOOK OFF PANEL BEHIND THEM AS SOMEBODY SPEAKS FROM OFF PANEL RIGHT, BEHIND SENTINEL AND HIS ASSEMBLED VILLAINS.

SHAFT : Marcus, listen, you don't know what you're DOING. Th-That BOOK...it must have affected your MIND...

SENTINEL : Terrell, you shut your pretty-boy HOLE. You don't know JACK.

SENTINEL : All that's IMPORTANT is that YOUR team is DEAD, and that MY team is the new YOUNGBLOOD!

BALLOON (OFF, RIGHT) : It don't WORK like that, son.

PAGE 20.

PANEL 1.

A SIX PANEL PAGE NOW, PROBABLY IN THREE TIERS OF TWO PANELS EACH, UNLESS YOU HAVE A BETTER LAYOUT. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, TO EIHER SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND WE CAN SEE A LITTLE OF A COUPLE OF THE ASSEMBLED VILLAINS AS THEY TURN AROUND TOWARDS THE OPEN DOORWAY OF THE CHAMBER, OVER IN THE BACKGROUND. SAY WE CAN SEE A LITTLE OF SATANA OVER ON THE LEFT WITH A LITTLE OF SENTINEL OVER ON THE RIGHT AS BOTH OF THEM TURN TO GAPE TOWARDS THE OPEN DOORWAY IN THE BACKGROUND. FRAMES IN IT, WE SEE THE IMPOSING, IF SLIGHTLY RIDICULOUS FIGURE OF PREVIOUSLY RETIRED 'FORTIES CRIMEBUSTER *WAXMAN.* HE WEARS THE LONG, FLAPPING TRENCHCOAT, WITH THE WAX-CONTAINING CYLINDERS ON HIS BACK CONNECTED TO THE WAXGUN IN HIS HANDS. HE HAS THE WIDE BRIMMED HAT ON, AND HIS GASMASK-LIKE FACE STARES OUT IMPASSIVELY AT US FROM BENEATH THE HAT'S BRIM. HE STILL LOOKS IMPRESSIVE, UNTIL YOU REALISE THAT UNDER THE COSTUME HE'S A PARTLY LAME SEVENTY YEAR OLD.

WAXMAN : There's REGULATIONS governing SUPER-TEAM NAMES. It's like when the Justice SQUADRON sued the Justice SYNDICATE that time.

WAXMAN : Also, I think there were two sets of THUNDER AGENTS once...

SENTINEL : What in Hell..? WASTE him, somebody!

PANEL 2.

CHANGE ANGLE. WHEREAS WE COULDN'T SEE THE HELPLESS YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS LAST PANEL, HERE WE CAN SEE AT LEAST THREE OF THEM HANGING FACING US IN THE BACKGROUND ON THEIR Y-SHAPED CRUCIFIXES. SHAFT, ON THE LEFT, SMILES A SMALL

PAGE 20.

PANEL 2. (FROM OVER)

KNOWING SMILE AS HE TALKS OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH TO JOHNNY, WHO IS NEXT TO HIM ON OUR RIGHT . JOHNNY, FOR HIS PART, LOOKS AT SHAFT WITH A LOOK OF SURPRISE AND DAWNING ANXIETY. DOC ROCKET, HANGING TO OUR RIGHT OF JOHNNY, LOOKS ACTUALLY SHOCKED AND WORRIED AS IT DAWNS ON HER THAT THIS IS NOT A HOLOGRAM. TO EITHER SIDE OF THE FOREGROUND WE CAN MAYBE CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A COUPLE OF THE VILLAINS AS THEY RUSH TOWARDS US AND AWAY FROM THE SUSPENDED HEROES, RUNNING TO DEAL WITH WAXEY, WHO IS OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND SOMEWHERE.

SHAFT (WHISPER BALLOON) : Good WORK, Johnny! While your hologram of Waxey DISTRACTS them, maybe we can break LOOSE!

JOHNNY : B-But those guys CIRCUIT-STRIPPED me. I don't HAVE any holograms!

DOC ROCKET : Oh God. You don't mean..?

PANEL 3.

CUT BACK TO WAXEY, WHO LOOKS LIKE HE'S ENJOYING HIMSELF. HE IS OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER WHERE YOUNGBLOOD ARE KEPT, STANDING IN A VAST HIGH-CEILINGED HALLWAY, THAT IS INCREDIBLY WIDE. HE STANDS HIS GROUND, FIRING A JET OF VISCOUS PINK WAX FROM HIS WAX GUN SO THAT ITS HITS THE LOUNGE LIZARD, WHO IS RUSHING INTO VIEW FROM THE RIGHT FOREGROUND. THE WAX SPATTERS AGAINST THE LOUNGE-SUITED REPTILE, STARTING TO HARDEN IN A POOL AROUND HIS LEGS, SEMI- IMMOBILISING HIM. HE BARES HIS TEETH IN ANGRY FRUSTRATION. SENTINEL, LUNGING INTO VIEW FROM THE EXTREME RIGHT FOREGROUND, ALSO LOOKS ANGRY AS HE SHOUTS AT THE LOUNGE LIZARD AND TELLS HIM TO GET HIS ACT TOGETHER.

WAXMAN : The *WAXMAN* is BACK...and THIS time, it's PERSONAL!!

LOUNGE LIZARD : CURSSSE youuuuu! I'm covered in SSSLIIIME!

SENTINEL : For God's SAKE, you're a PLAYBOY and a REPTILE! Get OVER it and just KILL the old fool!

PANEL 4.

BACK WITH THE DANGLING YOUNGBLOOD MEMBERS NOW. I'M NOT SURE HOW BEST TO ANGLE THIS SHOT...MAYBE FROM BEHIND THEM SO THAT WE CAN HAVE SHAFT ON OUR LEFT HERE AND SUPREMA AND TWILIGHT HANGING TO OUR RIGHT, ALTHOUGH PERHAPS FROM DIRECTLY BEHIND THEM WOULD SORT OF FUCK UP THE COMPOSITION. ANYWAY, SEE WHAT ANGLE READS BEST TO YOU. WHAT WE HAVE, BASICALLY, IS SHAFT HANGING TO THE LEFT, TURNING TO LOOK AT TWILIGHT WITH AN URGENT EXPRESSION. SUPREMA HANGS TO OUR IMMEDIATE RIGHT OF SHAFT, STILL WITH THE SATANIC PITCHFORK EMBEDDED IN THE CROSS SO THAT ITS

PAGE 20.

PANEL 4. (FROM OVER)

TINES FORM A STEEL COLLAR AROUND HER NECK. SUPREMA IS COMPLETELY DRAINED OF ENERGY AND IS ONLY SEMI CONSCIOUS. TWILIGHT, TO OUR EXTREME RIGHT, HAS GOT A GRIP ON THE ARMS OF THE Y-SHAPED CROSS ABOVE HER. USING THE LEVERAGE AND PURCHASE, SHE CURLS HER LITHE LOWER BODY UPWARDS, RAISING HER LEGS, WHICH TREMBLE WITH THE MUSCULAR EFFORT, AND LIFTING THEM INCH BY INCH TOWARDS THE HANDLE OF THE PITCHFORK THAT JUTS OUT FROM THE CRUCIFIX OF SUPREMA, WHO IS HANGING NEXT TO TWILIGHT. TWILIGHT GRIMACES WITH THE EFFORT.

SHAFT : This looks BAD. Waxey is an old MAN. He can't take on HEAVYWEIGHTS!

TWILIGHT : It's okay, I'm ON it.

TWILIGHT : If I'm only SUPPLE enough to reach this magical PITCHFORK that's neutralizing SUPREMA...

PANEL 5.

SWING ROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE CRUCIFIXES NOW, SO THAT TWILIGHT IS ON OUR LEFT, SUPREMA IS IN THE MIDDLE, AND SHAFT HANGS OVER TO OUR RIGHT. TWILIGHT HAS SUCCEEDDED IN WRAPPING HER FEET OR HERLEGS AROUND THE PITCHFORK HANDLE AND WRESTING IT OUT OF THE Y-SHAPED CRUCIFIX SO THAT ITS STARTS TO FALL AWAY, LEAVING SUPREMA ONLY SUPPROTED BY THE SAME WRIST MANACLES AS EVERYBODY ELSE. SHE GROANS, SEMI-CONSCIOUS AS THE PITCHFORK IS REMOVED.

TWILIGHT : There! GOT it!

SUPREMA : Ghuhhh...

PANEL 6.

CUT BACK TO WAXEY AND THE VILLAINS, OUT IN THE MASSIVE HIGH CEILINGED, WIDE, TILED HALL. IN THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, WE SEE THAT SPEEDWELL HAS GRABBED WAXEY FROM BEHIND IMMOBILISING HIM, PINNING HIM BY THE ARMS. SENTINEL STANDS IN FRONT OF WAXEY, HIS METALLIC FIST DRAWN BACK AS IF ABOUT TO PUNCH WAXEY IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS. INSTEAD, HE LOOKS TOWARDS THE LEFT FOREGROUND WITH A LOOK OF ANNOYANCE. IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND, WE SEE POPPY. SHE IS TURNING ROUND TO GLANCE OFF PANEL BEHIND HER, TOWARDS US, AS IF SHE'S JUST HEARD SOMETHING. THE COILING CLOUDS OF PSYCHEDELIC PATTERN AND COLOR CONTINUE TO SWIRL ALL AROUND HER. SHE LOOKS VAGUELY TROUBLED. FROM THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, SENTINEL GLANCES AT HER WITH ANNOYANCE.

POPPY : Wh-What was THAT? It sounded like it came from back in that CHAMBER...

SENTINEL : God DAMN, doesn't ANYTHING go RIGHT? We can check it out after we've taken care of this GERIATRIC NUISANCE, whatever he's called...

PAGE 21.

PANEL 1.

A FOUR PANEL PAGE NOW. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, ONE OF THE HUGE ROBOT FISTS OF THE BIGGEST BIG BROTHER COMES SMASHING UP THROUGH THE TILED FLOOR OF THE IMMENSE HALLWAY, KNOCKING SENTINEL OFF OF HIS FEET AND SMASHING HIM UP INTO THE AIR. SPEEDWELL LETS GO OF WAXEY IN SURPRISE, AND BOTH HE AND WAXEY TAKE A STEP BACK. IF WE CAN SEE ANY OF THE OTHER VILLAINS, THEY ALSO LOOK SLACK JAWED IN SURPRISE AND ALARM. BIG BROTHER'S CRACKLE BALLOON COMES UP THROUGH THE HOLE THAT HIS UNBELIEVABLY HUGE FIST IS SMASHING UPWARDS THROUGH THE FLOOR. THE LOUNGE LIZARD, SOMEWHERE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LOOKS HORRIFIED.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE, FROM HOLE) : I call him "DAD".

SENTINEL : GHAAA!

LOUNGE LIZARD : It'sss the ROBOT boooy! I thought youuu sssaid he wasss DEAD!

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE LOOKING ALONG THE LENGTH OF THE IMMENSE HALL. FILLING THE BACKGROUND AS HE CLAMBERS UP OUT OF THE NOW-MUCH-BIGGER HOLE IN THE TILES FLOOR, WE SEE THE UPPER QUARTERS OF BIG BROTHER, BLOCKING THE WHOLE OF THE HUGE HALLWAY AND MAYBE REACHING OUT TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND WITH ONE HUGE METAL HAND. THE FIGURES OF WAXMAN AND THE VARIOUS VILLAINS ARE INCREDIBLY TINY DOWN IN THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND IN FRONT OF HIM. THE ONLY ONE OF THEM WHO IS NEAR ENOUGH TO US TO BE A REASONABLE SIZE IS SATANA, WHO IS BACKING AWAY FROM THE GIANT ROBOT IN THE BACKGROUND, COMING BACKWARDS TOWARDS US IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BACKGROUND WHERE BIG BROTHER IS POUNDING HERTEAM MATES WITH A LOOK OF DEVILISH ANNOYANCE.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Dead? NAH. You messed up MIDDLE BROTHER pretty bad, but these boys have ESCAPE HATCHES. I was able to crawl to my LAB.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : CRAWLING doesn't improve my TEMPER, obviously.

SATANA : And I thought this escapade was worth leaving HELL for! I'd best get my Purgatorial PITCHFORK and DEAL with this BEHEMOTH...

PANEL 3.

REVERSE ANGLE, SO THAT NOW WE SEE SATANA FACING TOWARDS US HALF FIGURE TO HEAD AND SHOULDERS IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND. SHE IS STARTING TO SWIVEL HER EYES TO OUR RIGHT, AS IF TO TRY AND LOOK OVER HER OWN SHOULDER, BEHIND HERINTO THE NEAR

PAGE 21.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

RIGHT BACKGROUND. IN THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, IMMEDIATELY BEHIND SATANA AS SHE BACKS AWAY FROM US, WE SEE SUPREMA. SHE STILL HAS THE REMAINS OF HER MANACLES DANGLING USELESSLY AROUND HER WRISTS. IN ON HAND SHE HOLDS ONE BROKEN HALF OF SATANA'S PITCHFORK, AND IN HER OTHER HAND SHE HOLDS THE OTHER BROKEN HALF. THE PITCHFORK IS OBVIOUSLY BROKEN BEYOND REPAIR. SUPREMA'S EYES GLOW WEIRDLY AND SMOULDER WITH HOT, ESCAPING PLASMA-ENERGY. HER FACE IS COLD AND QUIET, AND SHE DOESN'T LOOK VERY PLEASED AT THE THE HUMILIATIONS TO WHICH SATANA HAS RECENTLY SUBJECTED HER. SATANA, AS SHE HEARS SUPREMA'S VOICE, SUDDENLY STARTS TO LOOK VERY WORRIED INDEED.
SUPREMA : Looking for this?

PANEL 4.

CUT TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE MANSION. THE LIMP AND HURTLING BODY OF SATANA SUDDENLY COMES SIALING OUT THROUGH A WALL IN A GREAT OUTWARD EXPLOSION OF BRICKS AND A MESS OF SPEEDLINES. SHE HAS CLEARLY BEEN HIT BY SUPREMA WITH GREAT FORCE AND SMASHED STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BUILDING, PROBABLY THROUGH TWO OR THREE WALLS. ALREADY OUTSIDE IN THE GROUNDS, LOOKING ON FROM THE NEAR RIGHT BACKGROUND, WE CAN SEE AT LEAST PART OF ATOMO, INCLUDING HIS FACE. HE STARES AT SATANA AS SHE HURTLES OUT THROUGH THE WALL, HIS MONSTROUS FACE WEARING A LOOK OF DIM WITTED SURPRISE.
F.X. (SATANA SMASHING THROUGH WALL) : ***KRRAKKOOMM***
ATOMO : WRRNK?

PAGE 22.

PANEL 1.

NOW WE HAVE AN ATTEMPT AT COMBINING A COUPLE OF THE IDEAS WE SPOKE ABOUT OVER THE PHONE: BASICALLY, THE BACKGROUND OF THIS WHOLE PAGE IS A SHOT OF BIG BROTHER, OVER ON THE LEFT OF THE PAGE, AND ATOMO OVER ON THE RIGHT. BIG BROTHER IS BURSTING OUT THROUGH THE WALL OF THE MANSION ON THE LEFT AND GRAPPLING WITH ATOMO, THEIR HUGE BODIES TAKING UP THE BACKGROUND OF THE WHOLE PAGE. OKAY, NOW WITH THIS AS THE BACKGROUND, WE BREAK THE WHOLE PAGE INTO SIX PANELS OR PANEL-SIZED AREAS IN THREE TIERS OF TWO PANELS EACH. I'M NOT BOTHERED WHETHER YOU ACTUALLY HAVE ALL THE PANEL BORDERS IN OR NOT, OR IF YOU'D PREFER TO DO THIS AS ONE FULL PAGE PICTURE. THE THING IS THAT AGAINST THE BASIC BACKGROUND OF THE TWO HUGE CREATURES FIGHTING WE DO THE THING YOU SIGGESTED OF HAVING A RUNNING FIGHT BETWEEN TWO SUPERSPEED CHARACTERS, UTILISING MULTIPLE IMAGES OF THEM BOTH AS THEY SPEED ALONG NEXT TO EACH OTHER. THE ENTER FROM THE LEFT IN

PAGE 22.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

THIS FIRST PANEL, STREAKING UP AND OVER BIG BROTHER'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS, WITH SPEEDWELL SLIGHTLY IN THE LEAD OF DOC ROCKET HERE. I IMAGINE WE SEE DEBRIS FLYING OUTWARDS THROUGH THE AIR FROM THE LEFT AS BIG BROTHER BURSTS OUT THROUGH THE FACADE OF THE MANSION TO GRAPPLE WITH ATOMO. DOC ROCKET AND SPEEDWELL STREAK UP AND OVER HIS HEAD, HEADING TOWARDS THE AREA WE'LL DESIGNATE PANEL TWO, OVER TO THE LEFT OF THIS UPPER TIER.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Oh, the big guy's still OUTSIDE, huh? Let's see how he likes a REMATCH with someone his own SIZE!

DOC ROCKET : Right. Speaking of REMATCHES, Speedwell, how about running another HEAT?

SPEEDWELL : HA! You haven't a CHANCE!

PANEL 2.

PANNING ACROSS TO THE AREA AT THE TOP RIGHT OF THE PAGE, I GUESS WE SHOULD PROBABLY BE ABLE TO SEE ATOMO'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS MAKING UP OUR BACKGROUND HERE AS HE GRAPPLES WITH BOG BROTHER, OVER ON THE LEFT. DOC ROCKET AND SPEEDWELL STREAK INTO THE PANEL FROM THE LEFT, BOTH AS A STREAM OF MULTIPLE IMAGES, AND RACE ACROSS ATOMO'S HEAD AND SHOULDERS BEFORE DOING A SORT OF ANGLED U-TURN AND STREAKING DIAGONALLY DOWN ONE OF ATOMO'S ARMS, HEADING FOR PANEL THREE ON THE LEFT OF THE MIDDLE TIER. AS THEY RACE ALONG BESIDE EACH OTHER, ONE OF DOC ROCKET'S MULTIPLE IMAGES LANDS A PUNCH ON ONE OF SPEEDWELL'S MULTIPLE IMAGES AS SHE RACES ALONG BESIDE HIM.

DOC ROCKET : I'LL be the judge of THAT. Oh..and you were WRONG about us EXPLODING if I HIT you.

DOC ROCKET : As long as I match your SPEED, our KINETIC ENERGY will just cancel out NORMALLY. Still HURTS though.

SPEEDWELL : AAA!

PANEL 3.

NOW DOC ROCKET AND SPEEDWELL COME STREAKING INTO THIS PANEL, WHICH IS DOWN AT THE CENTRE LEFT OF THE PAGE, FROM ITS UPPER RIGHT CORNER. THEY HEAD DOWN TOWARDS THE LEFT BEFROE BOTH EXECUTING ANOTHER SHARP TURN THAT WILL TAKE THEM OVER TO PANEL FOUR, ON THE RIGHT OF THE CENTRE TIER. AS THEY RUN ALONG BESIDE EACH OTHER HERE, DOC ROCKET IS AGAIN LANDING A PUNCH OF SPEEDWELL AS HE RUNS ALONG BESIDE HER. HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S ENJOYING IT MUCH. THEY ARE PROBABALY RUNNING SOMEWHERE IN THE REGION OF BIG BROTHER'S MID SECTION HERE.

PAGE 22.

PANEL 3. (FROM OVER)

SPEEDWELL : Get OFF! I WON'T have you HITTING me! NOBODY hits ME!
DOC ROCKET : They DON'T? You should get OUT more. My GRANDPARENTS were BITCH-SLAPPING jerks like you in the 'FORTIES!
SPEEDWELL : AOW!

PANEL 4.

NOW OVER ON THE RIGHT OF THE CENTRAL TIER, WITH ATOMO'S MID SECTION MAKING UP THE IMMEDIATE BACKGROUND AND DOC AND SPEEDWELL RACING ACROSS HIM, ENTERING THE PANEL FROM THE LEFT AND HEADING RIGHT BEFORE DOING ANOTHER ANGLED TURN THAT TAKES THEM DIAGONALLY DOWN TOWARDS THIS PANELS LOWER LEFT CORNER, AND FROM THERE WILL TAKE THEM INTO PANEL FIVE, DOWN AT THE LOWER LEFT OF THE PAGE. HERE, ONE OF DOC'S IMAGES LANDS YET ANOTHER PUNCH ON ONE OF SPEEDWELL'S IMAGES. IT ALSO LOOKS AS IF DOC IS STARTING TO OVERTAKE SPEEDWELL SLIGHTLY AS SHE RUNS ALONG BESIDE HIM.

SPEEDWELL : I didn't..UNNGH...take this job to be a common BRAWLER! This just isn't ME!
SPEEDWELL : I'm cancelling my CONTRACT with this new YOUNGBLOOD and splitting right NOW!
DOC ROCKET :Speedwell, you're REASONING is FLAWLESS...

PANEL 5.

NOW, DOWN HERE AT THE LOWER LEFT OF THE PAGE, WE ARE PRESUMABLY DOWN SOMEWHERE NEAR BIG BROTHER'S FEET. DOC AND SPPEEDWELL BOTH COME HURTLING DOWN FROM THE UPPER RIGHT CORNER OF THE PANEL, WITH DOC ROCKET OVERTAKING SPEEDWELL AND SWINGING ROUND IN FRONT OF HIM SO THAT SHE FACES HIM AS SHE LANDS A PUNCH THAT STOPS HIM DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AND KNOCKS HIS SEMI-CONSCIOUS BODY FLYING

DOC ROCKET : ...but I'm way AHEAD of you!
F.X. (BLOW) : KWOKK
SPEEDWELL : NGH...

PANEL 6.

NOW, IN THIS BOTTOM RIGHT AREA OF THE PAGE, IN THE BACKGROUND WE CAN SEE ATOMO'S GIGANTIC LEGS AND FEET. IN THE FOREGROUND, UP CLOSE TO US IN THE LOWER RIGHT AND MAYBE HALF FIGURE, WE SEE AN ALARMED-LOOKING ***SENTINEL*** AND A GROGGY LOOKING ***SATANA*** AS SHE PICKS HERSELF UP FROM THE TURF WHERE SUPREMA KNOCKED HER IN THE LAST PANEL ONPAGE TWENTY ONE. SENTINEL HIMSELF SEEMS TO BE IN THE ACT OF FLEEING FROM THE FIGHT IN THE BACKGROUND, LOOKING BACK AT IT IN ALARM AS HE DOES SO.

PAGE 22.

PANEL 6. (FROM OVER)

SENTINEL : SUPREMA must have freed all her TEAM MATES! They're walking all OVER us!

SENTINEL : SATANA, a good GENERAL knows when to RETREAT. I need you to get us OUT of here right NOW.

PAGE 23.

PANEL 1.

NOW A FOUR PANEL PAGE. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE HAVE THE MANSION IN THE FAR BACKGROUND AND THE HUIGE TUNNEL PIT ENTRANCE THAT ATOMO EMERGED FROM GAPING IN THE LAWN IN THE BOTTOM FOREGROUND. RACING TOWARDS THE GAPING TUNNEL ENTRANCE/ CRATER FROM THE BACKGROUND IMMEDIATELY BEYOND IT WE SEE AN AIRBORN SENTINEL, THE HUGE LOPING FORM OF ATOMO HIMSELF, AND A WORRIED LOOKING POPPY HELPING A SHAKEN-LOOKING SPEEDWELL AS THEY BOTH HURRY TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE WHOLE. OVER ON THE RIGHT, ALSO ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE PIT MOUTH IN THE FOREGROUND, WE SEE SATANA, WHO IS TURNING HER BACK TOWARDS US TO LIFT HER HANDS AS SHE CONJURES A WALL OF HELLFIRE IMMEDIATELY BEHIND THE ESCAPING VILLAINS, BETWEEN THEM AND THE MANSION IN THE BACKGROUND.

SATANA : I can raise a curtain of HELLFIRE, but it won't hold them for LONG!

SATANA : Our only hope is to use Atomo's TUNNEL as a passage to my OWN infernal realm!

SENTINEL : Then let's GO. Is everybody HERE?

POPPY : I-I got my BROTHER out okay, but what about the LOUNGE LIZARD?

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE ABOVE THE PIT/ TUNNE AND LOOKING DOWN INTO IT. TOWARDS OUR LEFT DOWN BELOW US WE SEE ATOMO, SPEEDWELL AND POPPY, AND SENTINEL AS THEY START TO HURRY INTO THE FURTHER DEPTHS OF THE TUNNEL BELOW. SENTINEL, AT THE REAR, TURNS AND CALLS OUT ORDERS TO SATANA, WHO STANDS BEHIND HIM, AND IS LOOKING UP OUT OF THE PIT AT US. SATANA RAISES HER HANDS AND STARTS TO CONJURE MORE SEARING HELLFIRE. OVER TO OUR RIGHT OF THE PANEL, AND UP AT GROUND LEVEL AT THE DGE OF THE PIT, WE SEE DOC ROCKET AS SHE STREAKS INTO VIEW AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S ABOUT TO GO STREAKING INTO THE PIT AFTER THE ESCAPING VILLAINS.

SENTINEL : Forget that swivel-eyed SLEAZEBAG! The last time I saw him he was still trapped in that WAX!

SENTINEL : Satana, can you HEAT-SEAL the tunnel BEHIND us?

SATANA : Of course! I'll seal it tighter than the grip of SIN himself!

DOC ROCKET: They're ESCAPING, but I can still FOLLOW them...

PAGE 23.

PANEL 3.

CHANGE ANGLE TO A GROUND-LEVEL SHOT UP AT THE RIM OF THE PIT. WE CAN SEE SOME OF THE ASSEMBLED HEROES IN THE FOREGROUND ON OUR SIDE OF THE PIT MOUTH. SUPREMA, OVER ON THE LEFT IS HOLDING BACK DOC ROCKET FROM THE PIT EDGE. TWILIGHT AND SHAFT ARE MORE OVER TO THE RIGHT. IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE THE PIT MOUTH GLOWING A HOT WHITE AS THE SAND AND QUARTZ AND STUFF STARTS TO FUSE INTO A HOT, SOLID SILICONE PLUG. THE HEROES IN THE FOREGROUND FLINCH BACK FROM THE HEAT AND SHIELD THEIR EYES FROM IT.

SUPREMA : No, Rachel! SATANA is fusing the ground into a white-hot silicone MASS! Even you or I might have trouble speeding through THAT!

TWILIGHT : I guess we'll have to settle for a STANDOFF...

SHAFT : I guess so. At least it'll be a while before Sentinel tries anything like THIS again!

PANEL 4.

NOW WE CHANGE ANGLES SO THAT IN THE FOREGROUND, INSIDE THE FRONT OF THE SMASHED-OPEN MANSION, WE SEE WAXMAN STANDING OVER TOWARDS THE RIGHT FOREGROUND, WITH THE PARTLY WAX ENCASED BODY OF THE LOUNGE LIZARD STANDING TRAPPED OVER AT THE EXTREME RIGHT IN THE FOREGROUND. WAXEY LOOKS PLEASED WITH HIMSELF, PUSHING HIS GASMASK UP ON HIS FOREHEAD, MAYBE. FROM THE NEAR LEFT BACKGROUND WE SEE BIG BROTHER STOOPING TO STARE IN THROUGH THE SMASHED OPEN WALL AT WAXEY. MAYBE WE SEE JOHNNY PANIC AND SOME OF THE OTHER MEMBERS ALSO LOOKING IN THROUGH THE OPEN WALL AT WAXEY AND HIS CAPTIVE FROM OVER IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND OUTSIDE. THE LOUNGE LIZARD LOOKS VENOMOUSLY ANGRY AS HE STANDS TRAPPED IN THE WAX, HISSING WITH RAGE.

BIG BROTHER (CRACKLE) : Yeah, well, I hope the same goes for YOU, Dad! What in hell were you THINKING?

WAXMAN : Aw, I'm fine...and RESPONSIBLE, I might note, for the only catch of the DAY!

WAXMAN : One of you kids want to take this GIGOLO GILA from me and drop him over at MISKATONIC ASYLUM?

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1.

NOW WE HAVE A THREE PANEL PAGE TO FINISH WITH, WITH PANEL THREE THE BIGGEST. IN THIS FIRST PANEL, WE SUDDENLY CUT TO THE INTERIOR OF MISKATONIC ASYLUM (A BIG GOTHIC ASYLUM THAT'S A BIT LIKE ARKHAM ASYLUM, AND WHICH WE'VE CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF HERE AND THERE IN THE PAGES OF ***SUPREME***), WHERE WE FIND OURSELVES IN SOME SORT ON INMATES LOUNGE OR TELEVISION ROOM. TOWARDS THE FOREGROUND WE SEE TWO FIGURES WHO LOOK

PAGE 24.

PANEL 1. (FROM OVER)

ALMOST EXACTLY *THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER* FROM JOHN TENNIEL'S ALICE IN WONDERLAND ENGRAVINGS. THEY SIT ON A SOFA AND GLARE AT EACH OTHER, PERHAPS HAGGLING OVER THE REMOTE. MAYBE IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND WE SEE A PROFESSOR NIGHT VILLAIN CALLED *FAKEFACE* , WHO I BELIEVE WE GLIMPSED IN A DREAM SEQUENCE BACK IN SUPREME #47. FAKEFACE IS REMOVING HUSKS FROM HIS BLANK FACE AS A FORM OF IDEL AMUSEMENT. THE HUSKS LOOK LIKE CELEBRITIES. PERHAPS HE IS REMOVING A M,ICHAEL JACKSON FACE HERE. OVER IN THE BACKGROUND, SITTING FACING EACH OTHER ACROSS A TABLE THAT IS IN FRONT OF A WINDOW WE SEE TWO MEN. ONE OF THEM, ALTHOUGH ONLY SEEN IN SILHOUETTE, IS CLEARLY THE LOUNGE LIZARD, WHO HAS BY NOW BEEN RETURNED TO THE ASYLUM. THE MANHE IS TALKING TO SITS MORE IN THE SHADOWS, AND WE CANNOT TELL WHO HE IS FROM THIS DISTANCE.

CAPTION : ***Epilogue:***

LOUNGE LIZARD : ...and THAT'SSS how I wasss RECAPTUUURED!

LOUNGE LIZARD : I'll tell youuuu, that little TWILIGHT filly hasss CHANGED sssince WE both knew her...

PANEL 2.

NOW WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH THE EYES OF WHOEVER THE LOUNGE LIZARD IS FACING ACROSS THE TABLE, SO THAT WE SEE THE LOUNGE LIZARD AS HE SITS FACING AS ACROSS THE DAYROOM TABLE. HE LOOKS DEPRESSED. IN THE FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE THE HANDS OF THE MAN WHOSE EYES WE ARE LOOKING THROUGH RESTING CASUALLY ON THE TABLE TOP. THEY ARE OLD HANDS, AND VERY LIVER SPOTTED, AND THERE ARE RUFFS OF LACE AROUND THE CUFFS. THE LACE IS OLD AND FRAIL AND YELLOWING AND FALLING TO BITS HOWEVER, AS ARE THE CUFFS OF THE JACKET WORN OVER THE FRILLY SHIRT. FROM ACROSS THE TABLE THE LOUNGE LIZARD LOOKS AT US DEJECTEDLY. IN THE BACKGROUND,WE CAN SEE NORMAL LIFE GOING ON AMONGST THE OTHER INMATES. MAYBE THE CARPENTER IS TRYING TO BATTER THE WALRUS TO DEATH WITH THE REMOTE CONTROL. THE MAN LOOKING ON FROM OFF PANEL IN THE FOREGROUND IS OF COURSE *JACK-A-DANDY*, BUT WE DON'T REVEAL THIS UNTIL NEXT PANEL.

LOUNGE LIZARD : SSShe'sss grown UP, become TOUGHER. Her and her modern TEARAWAY friendssss....

LOUNGE LIZARD : They're nasssty piecesss of WORK, Jack! I'll bet even YOUuuuuu couldn't have DESSSTROYED them!

JACK A DANDY (OFF) : LIZZIE, my dear CHAP, you really shouldn't SAY such things to a GENTLEMAN...

PAGE 24.

PANEL 3.

IN THIS FINAL PANEL WE GET A GOOD SHOT THROUG THE LOUNGE LIZARD'S EYES LOOKING STRAIGHT AT THE JACK A DANDY AS HE SITS FACING US ACROSS THE DAYROOM TABLE, WITH THE SHADOWY GOTHIC ARCHITECHTURE OF THE ASYLUM INTERIOR RISING BEHIND HIM. JACK A DANDY IS NOW IN HIS SEVENTIES, AND HE HAS GROWN MORW DISSOLUTE AND MAD-LOOKING AND EVIL OVER THE PAST THIRTY YEARS. HIS TEETH, YELLOW AND ROTTEN, ARE BARED IN A FRIGHTENINGLY EVIL GRIN AS HE LEERS ACROSS THE TABLE AT US. HIS DANDY CLOTHING IS ALL STAINED AND MOTH-EATEN, AND IN FACT HE LOOKS MORE LIKE THE CORPSE OF A DANDY THAN A DANDY HIMSELF. HIS ABSURD RED-HAIRED WIG LOOKS RAT-LIKE WHERE ITS CURLS HANG DOWN, AND ONE OF HIS YELLOWISH EYES SWIMS MENACIGLY BEHIND THE GLASS OF A CRACKED MONOCLE. WITH THE ASYLUM SHADOWS CURDLING AT HIS BACK, HE LOOKS LIKE A TERRIFYING APPARITION; THE VERY SPIRIT OF MADNESS INDUCES BY ABSINTHE AND A DISOLUTE LIFESTYLE. HE SMILES A CRACKED, EVIL SMILE.

JACK A DANDY : I mean, you KNOW we can never resist a WAGER!

BOD UNDER : NEXT : ***<u>DANDY IN THE UNDERWORLD!</u>***